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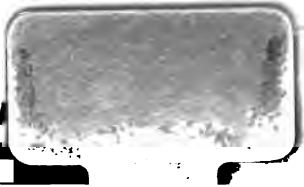

POETRY

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

BY

ROBERT COUPER, M. D. &c.

. . . . . mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia, vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

HORAT.

Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

VIRG.

VOL. I.

INVERNESS:
PRINTED BY J. YOUNG.
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, 31, POULTRY,
LONDON.
1804.

17 17

TO

Her Grace

JANE DUCHESS OF GORDON,

THESE POEMS

ARE, WITH THE UTMOST DIFFIDENCE

BUT, WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

AND HIGHEST ESTEEM,

Inscribed

BY

HER GRACE'S

MOST FAITHFUL

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THOUGH I wish to make a few seemingly necessary remarks on the language in which the greatest part of the poetry of these volumes is written, I by no means propose to enter into an elaborate enquiry into the Scottish language, either of distant or present times; its fitness for a written language; its powers as a living one; or its relations and affinities with other consecrated languages. I mean only to hazard a few loose thoughts, very far indeed from an apology, but, in justification of adopting this language, which no talents now can possibly ever

bring into general use and estimation; especially while the learned and ingenious are so deeply engaged in wire-drawing the rude, but pure, old plate; and in banishing every mode of expression unusual to them, however chaste, which they sturdily denounce under one *ism* or other; and while, not yet quite determined whether they will leave us any language at all, they are shibbolething and circumcising at a most desperate rate, in order to introduce their *lingua hyperpurgata* in elegant *Londonisms*. The Greeks, though abundantly jealous of their neighbours in all other things, and not a little vain of their language, as it well deserved, were not so haughty and so illiberal. Of their dialects they considered each as the language of its country, which they had no more right to depreciate and to vilify, than they had to new-model its altars, or to reform its government. Language is a wild thing

of the forest; let it alone, like the Arabic, it becomes perfection; apply to it the square and compass, or clap it into the menage, it shrinks away, refuses sustenance, and will not breed. We need not then look for a dictator in language, or a dictatorial language, till we can contrive to render the organism and feelings of mankind the same, and adjust the mighty key-note of them all.

And is London the mighty emporium whence this *lingua purificata et infinita* is to be vended? Many wise and goodly things, from thy wonderful acts of Parliament and the transactions of thy multitudinous societies and clubs, down to the *spinæ pedum* plaisters, and Bologna sausages, have issued from thy marts; but this excelleth them all. From one end of London to the other, every office from the treasury to the box at the turnpike gate; every

drawing-room from St. James's to Moll Blastum's back parlour at Wapping; every shop from the jeweller's to the vender of a halfpenny worth of potatoes; every debating society from St. Stephen's to the clocking-hen club—all, all are crowded from the provinces, from the Lands-end to St. Kilda, nay from every corner of the habitable world; and as every thing is affected to be carried on with such rapidity and bustle, if a man gets his tongue about the half of his words, and yelping loud enough to be heard, he thinks himself wondrously well off, and his language sufficiently answering his purpose—and it is here we are to look for the purity of our language! In every trading place, however small, we find its language corrupt, or deviating very considerably from that of its neighbours; what then must be the case in London?—the rendezvous of all the nations of the earth; and its court, which in most countries is

the polisher and supporter of the language, in ours perhaps, has an opposite effect. Foreign courts, from the principles of their government and from their desire to maintain a political balance against the people, are continued scenes; where indeed a courtier may die out, but the son, bred in the same school, almost unnoticedly, slides into his place. A language there may remain as uniform as the sword, the bag and the cocked hat. The court of Great Britain requires no such checks and bulwarks; it is therefore attended by men. But these men convene not to crawl about under the eye of a king; they come to avow their attachment to the throne and their regard for the prince; to add their wisdom to his councils, and to open the purse of the nation for its honour and for its wants. They then return to their duties in the country, which, though more private than the others, are no less beneficial to the

commonwealth. A court so constituted and so fluctuating, must always have but a feeble effect on the language of its country. Indeed while it was a court of a very different kind, and wits and writers abounded, neither the language nor the morals of the nation, I fear, were ameliorated; and I suspect we are under more obligation to the phlegmatic William than we generally think of. Where were laid the foundations of the fame of Hume, of Robertson, of Thomson and of thousands more?—but I must not proceed—Let not a man then, because he is sitting in a coffee-house in St. James's street, Westminster, quarrel with his brother of mankind because he is sitting in a coffee-house in Prince's street, newtown of Edinburgh, about vowels and consonants, with a whit more vehemence or superiority, than he would do about the sweetening of their coffee.

About the period of queen Elizabeth the languages of Scotland and England were pretty similar; but as their sources and assimilations were not the same, a distinguishing idiom, in which I include genius, was easily discernible in each and more evidently in their poetry. Their events were very different indeed; the one fell as by the hand of magic; the other seemed to acquire a sudden vitality and to be doomed to a very different fate. While the Barbours, Douglasses, and Dunbars were behind very few on the old maidens' hill, the Lydgates, the Gowers, and the Chaucers were struggling among the briars on its sides. Little dreamedest thou, Dunbar, that thy name, aye and that of all thy brethren, would soon be unheard of; and thy very language, so eloquent and so expressive in thy hands—the language of a powerful people, and of

an elegant court, for many ages—be held up to scorn as a barbarous and detestable jargon.

The original sturdiness of the sister language, though it was not thus suddenly and violently overwhelmed, has not been able to resist the sapping ingenuity of false taste; and, though it lives in splendor, it has every mark of an approximating old age and decay. The strong geniuses of England, from the maiden reign down to the period of that wickedest of men and worst of kings, Charles the second, not only invigorated the language, but the very souls of their country. The bullion, however, was no sooner escaping from its dross, than the vile falsifier of coins was upon it. It is unluckily in human nature to grudge and envy the fortunate exertions of others, while that very exertion is conducive to its happiness; and while the want of that exertion, contri-

butes neither to its comfort, nor its honour. Those who could not wield the strength of their language, ingeniously contrived to reduce it to their powers. A shepherd's boy one summer morning having little to occupy his attention, discovered that his old friend, his staff, was too clumsy and heavy, and too knobby. Being provided with a knife, without which indeed he could not exist, morning after morning went on his little operations on his staff; one day the knobs, the other day the clumsiness disappearing; but lo! when he thought he had brought matters to some decent purpose and laudable ornamentality, he found he had so sliced away his faithful crabtree, that he durst scarcely trust it any longer to bear him over the brook. So a new fangled orthography, despising the full mouthed words and tones of our ancestors, and cooperating with the vile affectation of new pronunciations, introduced by a

lord or a player, and so rapidly fluctuating that grammar upon grammar has not overtaken it to this day, powerfully aiding other debilitating causes, has almost overpowered the pithy vitality of the language; and I doubt not, were the renowned ministers of queen Elizabeth to resume their old seats on the benches of parliament, Sir John Macpherson might as well deliver them the compliments of the house, in Shanscrit, or in Hebridian Gaelic, as the Speaker of the house in London English. Milton, a pyramid of fire, is at rest under the dust of his shelf, while the gilt pages of modern inanity adorn the parlour; and profound and delectable are the emanations and observations which they produce.

Sterile and artificial cultivation of a language hath seldom added to its intrinsic improvement; infinitely oftener has it prepared it for the grave. The Cel-

tic, the Arabic, the Hindoo, and many another language which sought no habitudes, though they were surrounded by them, but what were necessarily thrust in upon them by the general improvements in society, supported by plain men and plain manners, flourish in all their vigour though covered with thousands of years, while many another language, perhaps equally elegant and efficient, have been destroyed by rhetoricians and by other means adopted to perpetuate them. In Rome it has certainly been so; in Greece it is very probable; and though the uncommonly transpositive nature of the languages of these two extraordinary people have been held out as the cause why their conquerors did not adopt them, I rather suppose the decline of their languages preceded the decline of their power. One can hardly resist believing that the English and French people, even with all these beacons before them, are hazarding

the same career, and rejecting almost every thing which constitutes language; and instead of the august majesty and the impressive energy of former days, trust the greatest part of their eloquence and expression, their melody being lost in the elision and smothering of their vowels and the unceasing chattering of their consonants, to disgusting grimace and ridiculous jesticulation.

I have noticed that the beginning of the fifteenth century, so favourable to English literature, was almost fatal, not only to Scottish poetry, but also to its language. We have much reason to believe that the Scottish people, under whatever name, had in all ages a turn for poetry, perhaps more than ordinary, owing much to their habits and to the scenery around them; and this would not be without effect on their language whether Gaelic or Pictish. During the

reigns of the Jameses it was cultivated with no ordinary spirit; and a succession of poets appeared during that period which would have done honour to any country. As usual we allow the court little merit here; for the castles of these Princes were often either overawed within, or besieged without, by their turbulent and sanguinary Barons who held the people, as well as the prince, in chains. But these Princes were poets themselves of no little renown; and if their munificence, owing to the uncertainty of their revenues, or the foul hands of their insatiable chiefs, seldom reached the Makkars, their example led poetry to be cultivated with spirit and with respectability. Though the court thus had so little effect, the want of it, however, was attended with the most serious consequences. The change in the seat of Government, and a new dominion over the minds of men, arising from the reformation of religion

and its consequences, must have operated powerfully here; but a Scotsman will be fond of attributing more to the failure of a poetical race of Princes, social in their manners, and lively and ingenious by their talents, with whom poetry, and much more than poetry, seem to have flourished and terminated. After the accession of James, the court of England naturally bared Scotland of much of its importance; but though this Prince amidst all his literary vagaries would be a Makkar too, we find none of them in his train as he passed the bridge of Berwick. The stubborn discontented baron, whom pride or poverty kept at home within his old moated castle,—who in the additional power of his Prince saw the downfal of his savage outrages, both on the throne and the people, and whose knowledge went no farther than to administer to his rapacity and cruelty; was infinitely more gratified with the noisy ports and

pibrochs of the bagpipe, than with the plaintive and classical song of the bard. It surely is not possible that such a spirit can exist at this day. How are we to reconcile it then, that Burns, who possessed, more of the genuine light of poetry than most men, though as a son of nature he had his rubbish too, when by inconsiderateness, the too frequent companion of superior talents, or by the applauses of the great, leading to expectation, which his short experience, and the benevolence of his heart prevented him from duly appreciating, being thrown into a state of dependence which his soul abhorred, was obliged rather than rot in a jail, to accept of the humblest and most unpopular office under government; while the writer of a political squib, the abettor of a wicked minister, the mouth of a ruinous faction, mere flies of an evening, or while even a supperannuated footman or waiting maid, eminently

useful in their day and vocation, are inrolled in the red book by the side of lords and gentlemen.—From this revolution in Scotland its idiomatic poetry fell rapidly into neglect; and the few Scottish poets, after that time, were obliged to fall in with the prevailing language of the south; an ascendancy which nothing but the circumstances I have pointed out could ever have conferred upon it.

Instead, then, of considering the Scottish language, which draws its sources very differently from the English, as a barbarous dialect of this grotesque tongue, which ought to be put down by fire and faggot, I think it ought to be recognised as one of the vigorous parents of our language, chaced away by a weakly, illegitimate, dwarf. But though I thus beseech a candid hearing to our language of the olden times, I am very far, indeed, from infer-

ring that any of the modern imitators of those times, started as rivals or competitors. If they felt more pathos and energy in this than the more modern tongue, and found many of the same sentiments, no reproach surely could follow in their indulging themselves in the use of it. Were they to presume farther, I fear, they would bring with them the standard for their own weakness and disgrace; and while the modern mind and ear are unaccustomed to the usages and manner they venerate so highly, they must expect recrimination and repulse, if not mortification and contempt.

Though, perhaps, I might close my observations here, there is one other Scottish author, who, though we cannot call strictly a Scottish poet, I cannot resist offering my little tribute to his memory: I mean Buchannan. It has been alledged that he wrote

chiefly in Latin because he had a contemptible opinion of his native tongue. Those who alledge so have not seen his detection of Queen Mary, with his oration published along with it. As a piece of composition it is invaluable; and had I any right to suppose that Robertson formed his stile on any model, but what the strength of his own genius pointed out to him, I would say he had made as much use of the manner and spirit, as he did of the opinions of this uncommon man.

Are then the bards of old but of other countries to be held up to us for unchallenged approbation, while the venerable bards of our own country, buried in prejudice, have scarcely their graves pointed out, but with the finger of scorn. Literature! thy web grows fine, but it grows feeble—like the miner, turn over again the ashes of thy smelting, and thou wilt find in redoub-

led quantity, the treasure thou hast thrown away. Many in our own country, and most of our neighbours in the south, indeed, may not understand this language sufficiently to enter fully into the feelings which it excites; but they ought not therefore hastily and fastidiously to condemn it. Because I do not fully understand a language, am I entitled therefore to abuse it? With better grounds, but perhaps with grounds chiefly of their own making, they complain that syntax is not held in due reverence by the sons of the Picks. Scottish poetry, as I have all along claimed, has an idiom, and a genius of its own. It is simple, but powerful, like its music; and being chiefly in some sort dramatic, like all early poetry, it adopts much of that form of language and tries to escape every tendency to harshness. Every language is permitted its *euphoniæ causa*, and why may not ours; and why are we to

be so sharply dealt with, when the innummerable inaccuracies in the best Latin authors, instead of meeting with due reprehension, are much kindlier received, nay they are even bepraised with the most delectable title of a *syntaxis figurata*, which, without any figure, is one continued inroad on all concord and government.

To conclude—the remains of the Scottish language, which we have as a living language, though very different, indeed, from what it was in the days we have been treating of, is still a copious and an uncommonly expressive language; and when spoken without the vulgarities and the provincial accentuations to which all languages are subject, is capable of the sweetest and most varied modulations and the greatest energy. Its pronunciation has an infinitely stronger resemblance to the pronunciation of all

other languages than that of the English has; for, indeed, the English language has suffered so much by the means I have mentioned, that the very mouth of an Englishman is so vitiated, that its organs will not apply to any language but its own; and the stoutest Englishman cannot refuse, that throughout their provinces, their language is so uncouth and so unintelligible, that the very worst provincial Scottish, is, in comparison, the refined language of kings and princes. If thus we have only a faded picture of our mother, then, to venerate, I trust the resemblance is still strong enough to justify our idolatry; and woe be to the unfilial Goth who despises her.

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THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

SPRING MORNING.

COME, blythsom Spring! O haste and come,
Unbar yon eastlin gate;
Ahint yon purple-floating veil,
Thy hundred daughters wait.

Their beauteous faces, living gems,
Peer oure the gowden rail;
Their tresses, sprent wi' spangling dew,
Float on the spicy gale.

On the braid-waving, azure, beam,
Their robes sae mantling fly,
We heed na mair the angry blast,
That wrung the roaring sky.

Though lang and aft, frae yon far hill,
The ruthless Winter spread
His shrivell'd hand, and nature's bloom,
Wreck'd, on the tempest shed;

Though loud, and deep, frae Spey's red flood,
His howling spirit sang,
Or roaring on the dreadfu' blast,
His boding horrors rang;

Though herb and tree, aneath his breath,
Bent their wee tender life,
And crumbling mountains, oceans chain'd,
Felt the unequal strife—

Thou, gentle Spring! in mony a hue,
Gay frae the rich-rob'd east,
The rainbow sporting on thy brow,
The rose-bud on thy breast;

Thou wi' kind heart, and smiling ee,
And saftest dewy hand,
Bade his ic'd visage, dark, nae mair
Gloom oure a ruin'd land.

Thou spread'st thy mantle, braid and fair,
Ilk plait bursts out its beams;
And fast they bare the snaw-clad hills,
And rive the ice-bound streams.

Thy genial breath to him's nae life,
He hates baith life and thee;
The wee bit bud, nae haflins form'd,
Is darksome in his ee.

He sees thee frae the cowslip sip;
He feels thee in the win';
Lank fa' his crystal'd hoary locks,
The ice melts oure his chin.

The yowling spectre, louring, shrinks
  Deep in his atry blast;
It, kindred, bears him oure the sky,
  To his black place of rest.

Remorseless on the westlin cloud,
  The growling tyrant sails;
He hovers oure his annual grave,
  And slow and sullen sails.

What though at times he hirsles back,
  A cauld blast on my ee;
His prowling ghost it canna hurt,
  Thy bonny morn and thee.

What though high on the mountain side,
His snaw sleeps in the howe,
Thy sister Summer's kindling beam,
Will speed it frae thy brow.

Strong frae her grave now Nature bursts;
Her winding sheet is gone;
Thou, Spring! unbinds the annual spell,
And cleeds her bonny throne.

Wha loos'd your voice, ye feather'd choir!
Lang, lang your sang was gane;
High wing ye up the tempting sky,
And lea'e the shelt'ring stane:

Whar gat ye that strong flick'ring wing,
  Ere Winter's weel awa,
To bear you up the mountain height,
  High oure the splashy snaw?

Try na oure far thy wint'ry strength,
  Thy crib was poor and wee;
Seek na oure soon yon bonny cloud,
  The tree's aneugh to thee.

Thou hovers, anxious, oure yon plough;
  It rives thy wint'ry bed;
Thou mourns the budless, blasted, bough
  That hid thy snawy head.

Heed na—yon shapeless, op'ning bud
Will cleed the spiky tree;
There will thy nest, there will thy young,
Greet Summer's suns and thee.

What's a' this fragrance oure the fields,
E'en oure the melted snaw;
Whence stole thou, gentle, wand'ring breeze,
Warm on my cheek to blaw?

Whence, mighty sunbeam! whence sae saft
Thy gather'd pow'r and pride;
Thy promise bids ten thousand dreams,
Strong on thy vapour ride.

Yon wee bit cloud, yon speckling sky,
Involve the infant year;
Wha shapes the dew, wha speeds the beam,
Creates the smile and tear.

But O the smile slides frae the face,
Nor lea'es a tract ahin';
The tear consumes the furrow'd cheek,
Syne scatters on the win'.

Is there na something in our fate,
To bear, to press us down;
How poor the pictur'd thoughts atween
The coffin and the crown;

The plough, proud in its wealth and strength,
Pours honours on our head;
The spade, its brother, soon, O soon!
It trims our lasting bed.

O blythsom Spring! man courts thy ee,
To cheer his weary way;
The langsome Winter chill'd his heart;
He sings thy better day.

Lang pray'd he for thy genial morn,
His comfort on thy beam;
Thy glitt'ring dew, thy swelling bud,
Gilt his lang Winter's dream.

Now Toil, thy children press around,
For a' their labours drest;
Wet maun the brow be to mak up,
The lang, lang Winter's rest.

The carl he stirrs him frae the ha'
Up to the highest hill;
The flail, the wain, the yeaning lamb,
His busy morning fill.

The gadsman, cheery, up the howe,
He whistles shill and loud,
Aboon the team, the reeking sweat,
Creeps mixing with the cloud.

Ilk eager hand spreads oure the field,
To meet the giving year;
Ilk anxious heart welcomes the morn,
To a' their prospects dear.

Loose, rattle on the deck, the ropes,
Braid spreads the runkl'd sail;
The merchant bustles wi' the dawn;
The sailor tents the gale.

The soldier whets the rusty sword;
The prince he bids it shine;
But, ah! the honour on its point,
It never shall be mine.

Wha bade the steel gore human sides—
Pride grinds it at her will;
And trading statesmen, trading priests,
Ha'e mony a grave to fill.

O Man! thy strong thy eagl'd wing,
Would sweep the heav'n profound;
But sooty Pride bestrides thy soul,
And bears thee to the ground.

Thou parent dark o' ev'ry crime,
O whare thy poison'd reign;
Wha loos'd thee on the milky earth,
Wi' thy infuriate brain?

O bide ye, Witch! frae yon wee cott;
Nae gowd, nae scutcheon's there,
There's nae a wish ahint its latch,
To brook aught ye can spare.

Ambition wily, thy decoy,
Ne'er tript my humble floor;
Nor fause Content, in purple deck'd,
E'er trampl'd at my door.

Thou, gentle Spring! wi' Summer's strength,
And Autumn's lib'ral hand,
Has fill'd my cup, has swell'd my heart,
And trimm'd my cot fu' grand.

Come then, thou rich wing'd April morn,
Let us rejoice with thee;
Thy dewy gems, thy fost'ring breath,
Are a' to mine and me!

Awa, fell Pride, look oure the wreck,
Thou'st spread by flood and field;
Look to the gibbet, to the throne,
Far frae my cott sae bield!

Ah! look thou, look thou, from thy earth
To yon etherial zone;
Think o' thy joys, think o' thy guilt,
And yon forbidden throne!

Awa thy arts, thy smiles thou hag!
Weep a' thy ways wi' me;
Seek in the seasons all man wants,
The op'ning heaven see.

SPRING NOON.

HIGH tow'rs thou, midway, mighty sun!
Wrapt in thy dreadfu' blaze;
Around th' immeasurable vault,
Thou numbers Nature's days.

Through boundless space, unvaried, thou
Smiles on the calm or storm;
Thy leaning or thy levell'd beams,
The varying seasons form.

Strong, thou expands the silver dew,
And bids the zephyr blaw;
Retir'd, thy absent pow'r permits
The piercing frost and snaw.

They watch thy cloud-oppressed beam;
The awfu' tempest reigns;
A wee while Nature's kindest tide,
Lies frozen in her veins.

Man, Nature's prince, short syne right proud,
Maun wait the buried ray;
His chilly blood, as weel's the wren's,
Shrinks on the dubious day.

Soon the saft breeze, the nursing beam,
Dwell on the spreading tree;
My shadowy seat receives thy breath,
Afar thou fills my ee.

I press the new-clad grassy brae,
Around's thy airy band;
The joy that fills my op'ning heart,
Is joy to a' the land.

O mighty orb! and broke's the cloud;
Strong comes thy fost'ring reign;
The snaw, sae cauld, is half in dew,
Warm oure the sunny plain.

The tempest wild, that lour'd sae sair,
Sails skirting oure the hill;
The wind that shook the bonny bud,
Dies on the wimpling rill.

O mighty Orb! sair, sair's their fate,
Wha ken'd thy shining day,
To feel thy beam, to share thy love,
But nae mair see thy ray!

In night eternal, dark, they tread,
Wi' doubtfu' step, the ground;
O glad, yet waefu', rush their souls,
To meet the living sound.

But whare thou, Fate, witholds thy boon,
And lays thy hand sae sair,
Thy lib'ral heart aft doubly gives,
And kind and sweet's thy care.

For wha has like the sunk-ey'd bards,
Pour'd out the lay divine;
Their souls endow'd wi' double strength,
Wi' double lustre shine.

Deep labour their strong breasts wi' mind;
High tow'r they oure the lave,
Or singing in the mid-day sun,
Or by their courted grave.

Ye touch'd the harp wi' matchless skill,
The matchless song arose,
Rich frae the bosom o' the bard,
Rich frae your dark repose.

Full row your voices oure the waste,
Saft on the breeze they rise;
The spirits o' ten thousand years,
Lean list'ning from the skies.

O gentle ghosts! sair, sair ye wept,
The lovely fading beam;
Your failing eyes dwelt on the hill,
And by the rippling stream.

O gentle ghosts! ye eairer wept,
The lovely beam awa;
But what was't lifted up your souls,
And ga'e you tombs sae braw!

Wha wad na bear the dreary life,
Ay and the absent sun;
Wha wadna wait the ling'ring praise,
To sing as ye hae done.

Here nae fixt landscape, pencill'd pow'r,
Confines the aching ee;
The living creations ample robe,
Floats oure the tow'r and tree.

Loud roars the foaming fall, and far
Up heav'n the eagles sail;
Man's hand's strong in the moving scene;
The bee hums on the gale.

Whare is thy rest on varied earth,
Or on the varying sky;
A' a' arrest, but nought can fix
Thee, thou unsated eye.

Proud pencil! man's nae feeblest pow'r
Though, Oh! but sma's the pride,
Strong giant life, ayont thy ken,
Is stalking at thy side.

Thou tracts the mountain's sweeping edge,
Thou weaves the skirting tree;
The noiseless brook, the silver loch,
Glare on the haf-fill'd ee.

Out-oure the cott, wi' changeless rim,
The reek sits braid and brown;
The gaping colly, on the knowe,
Right saikless guards the town.

The roe-buck's head sticks in the bush;
The goat hangs on the hill;
The wain, wi' a' its oussen'd strength,
Is sticking by the mill.

The sportsman's stiff wi' lifted tube;
His dogs stare stiff around;
The slaughter'd bird, wi' broken wing,
It fa's na to the ground.

The graceful buck has twine'd his horn,
Amang the birks sae sma';
As weel might the proud antl'd head,
Be nailed to the wa'.

The beam rests on the water still;
It rests upon the hill;
Th' eternal hedgeman, balanc'd weel,
Supports the balanc'd bill.

But whare's the saft and soughing wind,
And whare's the tinkling stream,
And whare's the kind and filmy dew,
That dances round the beam!

Whare's a' the rowing, changing forms,
Which living nature pours;
The trees which trim strong mid-day's head,
And fleet wi' fleeting hours.

Nought idly sits on Time's proud wing;
There Raphael can't beguile;
The pencil's pow'r, it canna slide,
Atween the tear and smile.

Around see Nature's shifting scenes,
Stretch out sae wild and gay;
The cloud, the tree, th' embroider'd sod,
They blaze wi' unco day.

They spread the gowan by my side;
The primrose by my cheek;
The hawthorn's bloom, strong on the air,
Bids a' the birdies speak.

The show'r, wi' heavy spangling draps,
Soughs through the changing sky;
They patter on the op'ning leaf,
And glitter on the eye.

Wild floats ilk fragrance on the breeze,
And speeds rich on the hill;
And Winter's last, and ling'ring look,
Sits in the show'r sae still.

Deep roars, far on the distant cliffs,
The troubl'd ocean's voice,
Thy sullen tyrant's o'er the hill,
And leaves thee to rejoice.

The promis'd harvest's boded wreath,
Sighs oure its fost'ring bed;
The living breeze waves oure the furr,
The saft, the dewy blade.

The little leaf, wi' kindred love,
Turns to the gentle ray;
Modest it lifts its infant point,
And courts the feeding day.

The million'd strength, the million'd charge,
Swell the foreboding ee;
And Summer's, Autumn's, sunny pow'rs
Maun a' row round for thee.

Labour's strong arm maun sometimes fag;
Refreshing sleep comes on;
The foggy bed, the mid-day dream,
Are sweeter than a' throne.

No mae the maiden's busy day;
Toil spares her daughters young,
Or by the crib, or by the burn,
The task slides on the song.

The weary ox, wi' solemn step,
He seeks his mid-day sta';
Its plenish'd crib waits his tir'd hour,
To wear his toil awa'.

The whistling plowman's lagging pace,
It follows far ahin;
The daffing lassie frae the loan,
Jeers at his weekly chin.

O weel she ken's that Robin's heart
Has lang been a' her ain;
And at the bonny trysting thorn,
He ne'er forgat his Jane.

Nae langer weary, Robin lifts
The leglins, and awa;
His shouther leans to Jane's ken'd hand;
O wha wad part the twa.

Aft look they to yon rising cott,
Lyth on the sunny brae;
Yon is the bothy o' your joys,
Nae far's your bridal day.

The blush haf worn aff the cheek,
Blinks frae the dewy ee;
Sweet Robin, love has rear'd yon cott,
For thy dear Jean and thee.

There be ye happy, nature's souls,
Your boding is but sma';
Beneath th' industrious hand, the cott,
Soon springs a cheery ha'.

SPRING EVENING.

Now, gentle Spring! thy fragrant day,
Fails on the westlin breeze;
Lang ha'e thy bonny purple rays,
Been sick'ning on the trees.

Braid though thy mid-day sun has shed,
His strength oure flood and field;
The saft'ning beam, oppress'd wi' dew,
Weak trembles oure the bield.

Awhile the pleased, ling'ring sun,
On westlin mountains leans;
Proud looks he back on a' his works,
His green and gowan'd scenes.

His braiden'd hands, wi' weaken'd pow'r,
Press back the louring night
And dark the cloud, wi' wat'ry wing,
Broods on the weary light.

The silver drap, frae the rent cloud,
Receives the slanting day;
The spared world's lengthen'd doom
Sings on the tinctur'd ray.

The rainbow, bond o' promis'd hope,
Spring's round its colour'd pride;
Its ample limbs, sweet oure the lift,
The swollen hills bestride.

Thine's nae the hour o' mid-day strong,
Whan nature's blazing roun',
Then thy weak hues, thy thowless pow'r,
Hang, languid, oure the town.

Fast by the burn, thy wee bit rim,
Leans on the sunny brae;
The bairnies skip across the field,
To catch the bow sae gay.

Now, colours parent, Fancy's dream,
Thou fills the lift sae high,
Thou strikes wi' awe, thou strikes wi' love,
The soul-warn'd lifted eye.

The wise see in thy matchless hues,
Their lang sought doubtfu' lore;
The good see in thy mighty arch,
The goodness they adore.

What's a yon loud gaffawing din,
Rude on the ev'ning still;
What's a yon plumes amang the birks,
Come skirting round the hill!

The prancing steed, the glitt'ring coach,
Benumb the rustic eye;
What's yon—the servant's silver robes,
Sae flaring on the sky.

Sure great folks laugh na like a loon,
Unheard's the rumbling wheel;
And braid's the grin on ilka face,
The joke it splits sae weel.

Dear! how they roar at Jamie's bow,
At Willy's awkward stare;
They kenna whase the arm that maks,
Sae saft their cushion'd chair.

Yon weary steed, his silken skin,
Has streamed aft for you;
Yon oussen mix'd their reeking strength,
Still, wi' the morning dew.

The draps that pour frae Robie's brow,
His coat sae coarse and bare,
Are pearls amang your braided locks,
And silk and sattin rare.

Wha is't that rears the wheaten rick;
Wha warps the purple zone;
And whase the heart, and whase the hand,
That prop the purple throne?

Speir ye but back the gowden bar;
The gem that taps the crown;
The mony a fauld o' beauty's robe;
Pride's figure and renown:

Ah! speir wha knits the bluidy sash;
Wha decks the warriour's brow;
Speir whare the farmer's fairy hand,
Appears na wi' his plough!

Hech! how they drive! they laugh and sing,
Wi' vacant heart and light;
The blighted farm, the lame, the blin',
Remain na in their sight

It's frolic all—they came na here,
To stay the falling tear;
The weak mind glutted wi' weak joy,
Some silly change seeks here.

Sae cities pour their poison'd souls
Back to the ancient ha'
But nae mair comes the father's ee,
The mither's lang awa'.

Or comes the new-made mighty lord,
Rich in his country's spoils;
A contrast lea'es nae meith atween
His and a Nielson's toils.

The dwindl'd sons of ancient fame,
Peep forth right poor and sma';
They glowr right big, but Gentleman
Sprouts frae the pictur'd wa'.

The glutted patriot's goggling ee,
Blinks oure the ermine too;
Ye bonny boys, and eke your dames,
Should ay thegither pu'.

O bide ye a' in London's bow'rs;
Our toil shall load your boards;
We'll feed your pride—your fame be yours,
And there be ye our lords.

There will your chariots rumble grand;
Your liv'ries sparkle fine;
And the next upstart glowr and gaze
On your rich blazon'd line.

Nought is there here to feed your pride;
Our hearts nae envy swells;
We wish na aught o' a' your joy;
We kenna whare it dwells.

What wad ye oure the bog or moor,
At bughting or the fauld;
Your thowless face shaws ye're frae hame,
And your wee feeties cauld.

What wad ye in the ousseen's stare;
What in the bonnet blue;
Ye lightly sair our best regards;
Wi care na sair for you.

Our bonnet's aff—earn ye respect—
Does kindness arm your will?
Are our meek looks, looks o' regard,
Or fear o' future ill?

Saw I the father in my lease?
My fathers bled for thee;
The untold stranger met regard;
The eye hung sour on me

Around the throne, then, wallow ye,
Since there the eddy wheels;
The surging foam will sprinkle a',
Baith friaky head and heels.

Ye're better far amang yourselfs
Within the courtly ree—
Lea'e ye the fields to Robin's care;
The woods to Bell and me.

Thus comes na to his ivy'd tow'rs,
The chief o' meek renown;
Ten thousand welcomes smooth his path,
His people gather roun'.

The carle sees the patriarch's ee;
Sair poverty, his tear;
The hour teems fu' wi' love and joy;
Nae tinsell'd lordling's here.

The auld, the bedrid, far and far,
The infant, ken his hand;
New kindl'd life, new kindl'd joy,
Spread glowing oure the land.

Gi'e me thy bosom, honest chief!
Gi'e me thy hour sae late;
Oppression's palace loud may groan,
Wi' a' its heartless state.

Pale lords may trip thae blazon'd towr's,
And wealth-blown bevies bow;
O chief! the worthy crowd thy hall,
Or frae the court, or plough.

O mind o' mine! bide by thy cott;
Within thy threshold stay;
Loose on the warld, wha can guess,
Thy dark, thy doubtfu' way.

Heed ye your morn, heed ye your night,
It's April now wi' you;
High yonder roll'd the mid-day sun,
And here's the ev'ning dew.

The hawthorn's blooms, strong on the air,
Perfumes the tow'r and tree;
The closing bud sends laden hame,
Thy teacher proud, the bee.

The tented hour, the tented day,
He skims his manor'd plain;
The sweets o' nature's cup he makes,
Industrious, a' his ain.

But, ah! I shiver at thy fate;
Thy murd'rer, man, comes on,
Wi' cruel death; thy kingdom falls,
And a' thy treasure's gone.

Labour, thy sturdy arm at rest,
Thy song aside the thorn,
Thou groans na oure the day that's past,
Nor dreads the coming morn.

The lammies, on the bonny knowe,
Their ev'ning haunt, convene;
In frisking gambols, fairy tricks,
They charm the ev'ning scene.

At times wi' a' the racer's pride
They bicker oure the lea,
And back, wha gains the hillock first,
A proud wee lammy's he.

Syne in divided bands they fight
For the imperial knowe:
It's aften lost, it's aften won,
Wi' mony a thumping brow.

The weary herdsman, lang his day,
Orps at the ling'ring beam;
He prays for rain, he prays for storm,
Or aught to drive him hame.

Soon thou shalt join thy comrades a'
Around the ingle clear;
Nae mair o' dreich and grievous tasks,
Or langsome days we hear.

The oussen, lousen'd frae the plough,
Spread oure the grassy plain;
They ken the ev'ning mouthfu' sweet,
And dead o' night's their ain.

Though aft wi' calfies oure the fey,
In a' their gambols daft,
They bound, they frisk, they chace, they fly,
Nor heed the blade sae saft.

They think na o' the morning's toil,
That comes wi' coming day;
They dream na o' the ruffian knife,
That takes their life away.

Ye gentle slaves, by nature's will,
Your shoulder meets the yoke;
But maun your bonny limbs for mair
Och! on the table smoke!

What's this, proud Man! thy toil-worn friend
Thou stretchest on the ground—
Hear ye his groan, and will ye then
Bid his blood spout around?

See on the tree the forming fruit;
Around the forming ear;
Nature meets a' thy simple wants,
Without the knife or spear.

O Man! then let na coarsest joys
Grow on thy aiking ee;
Let na red hands bring to thy board,
What thy heart shrinks to see.

A langer life, a safter dream,
Will surely then be thine;
And may-be, whan thy hour is fled,
Thy lamp may brighter shine.

SUMMER.

SUMMER MORNING.

O for that voice, which strong and deep
Sang to the gates of heav'n,
The beauteous pair's tremendous fate,
Frae Eden's bosom driv'n

Or that saft voice, which, wi' the harp
By angel's fingers strung,
Frae the rib'd tow'r, frae the still grove,
Oure Morven's mountains rung.

It's Summer comes—come then ye bards,
O come and sing wi' me;
Though the best beam o' heav'ns best gift
Has lang forsook your ee.

Disdain na ye, of a' renown,
My simple rural song;
The wee bit burnie cleeds the scene,
As weel's the river strong.

How saft and still it's a' around,
Oure a' the earth and skies;
Heav'n spreads her kindliest mantle braid,
Whare sleeping nature lies.

The burnie rippling oure the brae,
Its wee, wee travel sings;
The rowing river oure the rocks,
Its deeper music brings.

Sae gentle soughs the moveless woods,
The winding vallies through;
And O how saft the breath o' morn,
Swims waving wi' its dew.

Hear ye athort the breaking sky,
The lav'rock loud and shrill;
His early ee saw the young dawn,
Grey peering oure the hill.

Fast frae the misty mountain-tap,
The clouds majestic rise;
The shredding fragments, thin, and far,
Spread oure the op'ning skies.

The lagging mist, sweir frae the loch,
Wi' silent steps and sma',
Creeps up the mountain's bellying side,
And sickly dies awa'.

The boding day now gathers strong,
Red on the eastlin sky;
And gently oure the purpl'd hill,
The gowden sunbeams fly.

See, vast, upheaving, on the heav'ns,
Ahint the shrinking hill,
Day's mighty chief, in flaming gems,
Sails up sae grand and still.

As burst frae chaos, in his strength,
And glory he ascends;
The storms forsake his dreadfu' path;
The lift in rev'rence bends.

The cauld, dim, void, th' enliv'ning orb
Trims round wi' mony a ray;
And settles on the glist'ring earth,
His strong, his teeming day.

The countless dew-draps on the blade,
Shed by the breath divine,
Empearled in the nourice ray,
Oure glen and mountain shine.

The bonny flow'r cauld through the night,
Lay number'd wi' the dead
To morn's new beam, wi' nature's hope,
It lifts its sickly head.

The sacred trust is sacred met;
The sunny breezes play;
Th' invigour'd stem wi' a' its flow'rs,
Embalm the rising day.

The op'ning cup, rimm'd round wi' dew,
Invites the wand'ring air;
And though the gems innum'rous spread,
Innum'rous bees are there.

Saft is their hum o' busiest toil;
They heed na you or me;
Loud come they hungry, laden hame,
Unsociate, fast they flee.

Unsociate! na; toil'd tribes at hame,
Wait his purveying wings;
The labourers trim his luscious load
While proud he sits and sings.

This, little Men! is your forecast;
Ye see the dewless day;
Ye hear grim Winter's drifting storm;
And far's the April ray.

But, Oh! your treach'rous, murd'rous, fate
I've deeply mourn'd and sung;
And can the praise o' savage man,
Slide ever frae my tongue.

The mawster strong, wi' shining steel
He bounds the meadow through;
He kens the grass saft oure the steel
Fa's wi' the morning dew.

He eys his arm, he scys his blade,
Syne high in air he flings
The glancing steel, and whets, and whets,
Till a' the valley rings.

The band array'd in muckle pride;
In strength they sweep alang;
Ilk sinew strain'd, ilk racked joint,
Move as wi' cadenc'd sang.

Though Winter's oure, and budding Spring,
Yet see the oussen a',
Deep clad in a' their armour'd strength,
Come cudding frae the sta'.

The farmer brooks nae idle day;
And ilka day that shines,
Smiles for the plough, or for the hook;
It's drear the hour he tines.

Is that thee, Arthur! on the brae,
Sae drooping and sae thin,
The rose has fled thy vanish'd cheek,
The tear haps oure thy chin.

That form, hewn frae the Grecian rock,
A wonder on the hill,
Now creeps reluctant oure the door,
To seek the bow'r sae still.

On thy witch'd arm, and wither'd limbs,
Thy greeting mither hings;
Thy father cheers thee, but alas!
His heart thy sorrow wrings.

O Love! thou smoothes the human path;
Heav'n sent thy ray divine,
It's best o' gifts; yet O how rare
And languid does thou shine.

And when in a' thy gather'd strength
Thou blazes on the soul,
Unnumber'd ills brood sare the flame,
And witch-like tempests roll.

The loosome Cath'rine, sweetest maid
In a' the baron's tow'rs;
Thy beauty wore thy father's yett,
And fill'd his crimson tow'rs.

The ribbon'd lord, the plumed chief,
The nabob—a' were there;
The rough, loud, laird was na ahin,
Wi' a' his gowd and gear.

Thou saw young Arthur by the burn,
Thou saw a form divine;
The living statue's mighty soul,
Met a' that soul o' thine.

Nae after hours, but when ye met,
Ware yours, ye gentle pair!
Ye ken'd na, sweetest spirits, then
The blasting sprite was there.

O wha's proud heart wad see and blight,
The lover's morning hour;
Wha wad emblack the chaste embrace,
And chirm it in her bow'r.

Foul sprites! could ye live in the breeze
Which fann'd the lovely pair—
Cath'rine and Arthur by the birk—
How came ye, vilest! there.

O how the Castle shiver'd a',
Wi' the black-winged tale
The Baron's red wi' pride and scorn,
The ladies deadly pale.

Nae ee, nae lip, through a' the ha',
But press on Cath'rine sair;
The Baron's sister's rankling voice,
Ay rings the Baron mair.

Stern honour drives the fated maid,
Through high and fashion'd joys;
But Arthur, clinging round her heart,
The gilded scene destroys.

The tender heart it lasts na lang
Whan grief and wae betide
But dread's the hour when love is pierc'd
Through blooming virtue's side.

Fair Cath'rine, like the tree of heav'n,
Rais'd a' her glories high.
Love fill'd her heart, an angel smil'd,
And goodness fill'd her eye.

Fair Cath'rine, like the tree of heav'n,
Spread a' her glories round;
Wreck'd fame, like thunder, struck her life;
O low she lies and sound.

Yestreen the hearse pass'd by the yett,
Wi' a' its nodding plumes;
The trickling tear on ilka cheek,
Her last cold hour perfumes.

The bursting Arthur, 'neath yon tree,
Sat far frae a' the lave;
Despair haf-strung his pow'rless limbs,
To tremble to her grave.

It solemn past—his dwelling ee,
Fell on the dreary waste;
Few are thy suff'rings, Arthur, now,
And near's thy hour o' rest.

O dread's that shriek—and Arthur too
Wings there the op'ning skies—
Sunk frae its parent's palsy'd arms,
The bonny ruin lies.

O what's the day, and what's the hour,
Whan nae fell spirits flee!
The summer morn, the winter night,
Can fill the blythest ee.

SUMMER NOON.

HIGH on thé pinacle of heav'n,
Haf rests the orb o' day;
He mantles round his mony warlds,
Syne downwards points his way.

His haf-red ray strikes, blazing, down;
The breeze dies on the hill;
The bird sits, peching, in the bush;
And a' is hot and still.

There's nae a dew-drap on the blade,
To soothe the skrinking eye;
The flow'rie, shriv'ling, hangs its head,
And few its odours fly.

Athort the field, wi' wildest pranks,
Th' unwieldly oussen stenn;
The buzzing fly hangs on the chace,
Oure a' the dund'ring glen;

'Till, far aff, in the haf-dry loch,
They dread the fae nae mair;
Whan happy lash they their sleek sides,
And snuff the temper'd air.

The bondsman slumbers by the bush,
Or sings the hour awa';
The mid-day pail comes linking hame;
The calves prance round the ha'.

The bonny lassie, by the style,
Sweet as the hour she breathes,
Loaded wi' a' its gowden beams,
And a' its fragrant wreathes,

The bonny lassie, by the style,
She trifles idly there;
The wayward Willy shuns thy love,
And springs that throb sae sair.

Yon skulking knave, ahint the bush,
Joys on thy red'ning ee;
Scorn, bursting, rives his manly heart,
And wild he curses thee.

But, ah! he sees the grieving fair,
He canna bide the tear;
He faulds her in his eager arms—
And happy ye'll be there.

The neighbour carle, wi' his staff,
Rocks slawly up the brae,
His doggy hirpling at his heels,
Sae cauld, sae blin', and grey.

The bairnies mind the gingebread pouch;
Wha o' you first wins there?
The collies meet; though auld and stiff
They loup and tumble sair.

He claps the wee bit cheeks and pows;
The bawbees settle a';
While, fast'ning on his rung, they lead
Him smiling to the ha'.

His mid-day nap oure, the goodman,
Rax'd, meets him on the green;
The goodwife, kindly, at the door,
Receives the ancient frien'.

Nae servant stands wi' lying face;
Nae cauld-ribb'd room receives;
Nae heauvelets, thread-bare, fashion'd cant
Oppresses or deceives.

The daice, the porch of ancient days,
Sae nicely trellis'd oure,
And hung wi' winter's ivy leaf,
And bin-woods summer flow'r.

The skill o' age was seyed here,
The boys and lassies a',
Toil'd mony an hour, and mony a day,
To mak the bourock bra'.

There the goodmen, in green auld age,
Enjoy the cauler air;
And former times, and hammel news,
Steal aff the hour and mair.

They pile na up the stocking hoard,
They think na o' the wine,
To murder haf a summer's day,
And health and credit tine.

Their morning dame, nae aching brow,
Hung on their forenoon care;
They nott na idle, moanless, toil,
To meet the ev'ning fare.

The nerve, ne'er raxt wi witching draughts,
Is unco firm and fine;
The vein, ne'er swell'd wi' gusty art,
Seeks na fause pith frae wine.

Lang sixty years want little help,
To ken the heart and mair;
And the stripe'd quaich just faims aneugh,
To steal a smile frae care.

Ae quaich, nae mair, maun kindness prees,
To measure wi' the tale;
And Robin's oussen are na yet
Right strecked on the dale.

The kindly convoy follows neist—
But a' is bustle round—
The carles cordial shake the hand,
And list the cheering sound.

Nae sae returns he—chang'd his step,
He trembles up the brae;
This is thy hour, my Jessy dear!
To wooe the breath o' day.

Thy sleepless night, thy wasting morn,
Sink thee, while summer sair
Pours forth her baumy, nursing, sweets
On the saft dewy air.

Thy feeble heart, thy listless limbs—
O maun they fail and die;
Can nought but the strong mid-day sun,
Lift up thy sinking eye.

Slaw, and unnotic'd, fell disease
Hung on that heart o' thine;
His ruthless arm, his deadly strength,
Crush down thy form divine.

O wha like thee anee on the green,
Nae mony months agane,
Wha danc'd, wha sang; thy soul was love,
Thy heart was ne'er alane.

Around thee flutter'd life's young hopes,
Around the aged smil'd,
Thy eye litt up the lamp o' life,
Thy voice its hour beguil'd.

Around thee the unenvious fair,
In qualmless friendship shone;
Their tears aft weet thy threshold drear,
Now a' thy charms are gone.

The youth wha frolick'd on the knowe,
And liv'd their life in thee;
Silent they fly the mortal scene,
And hide the mournfu' ee.

Now sadly sits thou in thy bow'r;
Cauld, cauld, for a' the day;
That cough rives deep thy bursting breast;
Thy breath it dies away.

O fast thou sinkest in thy wreck;
A broken spirit's there;
But wha has heard thy boding sigh,
Or seen thy hopeless tear!

O cruel death, it's here thy pow'r,
In triumph thou displays;
Thou gnaws the comliest, tend'rest limbs,
And blasts the bonniest days.

Thou sits whare beauty ought to sit;
Thou glares whare love should shine;
Thou, treach'rous, trims the poison'd cup,
And, Jessy, it is thine.

Weaker and weaker, in that breast,
Toils life's exhausted pow'r;
The lab'ring bosom, failing heart,
Fast speed the fatal hour.

Lang clings the young soul to the clod,
Though angel's whisper there;
The dewless lip, the feature fail'd,
They shrink and shiver sair.

Yet—O dear Jessy!—she lifts up
The heavy closing ee;
The film is there—it's dark—O Death!
Her cauld hand welcomes thee.

That feeble, lingering, sigh now bears,
The fatal throb away;
And, Jessy, pale and cauld thou lies,
Thy soul in endless day!

Poor human-kind, wi' a' your pride,
Wi' a' that heav'n bestows,
Wi' a' your suff'rings, a' your joys,
Are ye the rue or rose!

But what is best, and why the tear,
Some after hour will tell;
We'll ken why smoak'd the christ'ning feast,
And why the passing bell.

O Summer-noon, wi' a' thy strength,
Wi' a' thy sunny pride,
Thy strong red hour, like winter black,
Has sorrow at its side.

The tear-sprent moment's ay afit;
The hearse nae season kens;
The tender child, the stalwart man,
Pale oure the sickle ben's.

SUMMER EVENING.

HERE let me sit—sweet is the bank,
And sweet the speckling sky;
His sma' bit limbs wi' treasures fraught,
The bee darts, buzzing, by.

High oure my head wild soughs the oak,
The bin-wood's pencil'd bloom,
Creeps up, creeps round; it's unco kind,
And mingles wi' the broom.

Thou too, thou rough, forbidding whin
Thy strong-life'd flow'r is there;
Thy odours rich, thy nestlings chirp,
Swell on the gloaming air.

The wild rose, wet wi' glist'ning dew,
Spreads to the ev'ning ray,
A safter leaf, a sweeter breath,
Than met the highest day.

Fraught wi' a thousand odours rich,
On sails the laden breeze;
The rose, proud, mingling wi' the birk,
The laughing gowan sees.

The baumy dew, mild on thy wing,
Sae blythsome sports the while;
Syne settles on its velvet bed,
And bids its mother smile.

Sma', trink'ling oure thy pebbly bed,
Amang the leafies green,
Thou'rt heard, wee burnie; twa three clods
Mak a' thy beauties seen.

Roaring out oure the mighty bank,
Whare bees their bodies lave,
The water fly, the wither'd leaf,
Proud sail upon the wave.

Here let me sit in eatiate joy,
Here saftly sleep and dream,
Whare Nature lifts her voice, and spreads
Her wardrobe on the beam.

Ev'n's gentle note's in ilka bush,
On ilka bough it dwells;
On the weak breeze it trembling sinks,
On ilka sunbeam swells.

Hear ye yon song, sweet frae the bucht,
Sae loud, sae wild, sae shill?
It's Fanny warbling through her tears,
To a' the ev'ning still.

But Edwin's coming oure the dyke,
Wha's like him on the green—
The maid she fears his fickle heart,
Is haf awa' to Jean.

She sings—it's pow'rfu'—love an' hope,
Burst out sae rich and strong;
The doubting heart, wi' a' it's fears,
Breaks in the melting song.

Wi' heav'n-born note, nae peril near,
And sporting wi' its wing,
The wee bit bird proud on its twig,
Gar's a' the forest ring.

What's yon—the peacock on the barn,
Wi' a' his burnish'd train,
Ken'd he his scream, his plumage grand,
Wad hardly mak him vain.

And you—thou bittern in the bog,
Deep a' the hills rebound,
Thy note o' love; and wooes thy mate
Sik howe and rumbling sound?

Thou, dinsome rook'ry, cawing on,
And loud the sounding sea;
But saft the sough of ev'ning still
Melts ilka sound on me.

Lang be it whill the last faint note,
Shall mourn the faded beam;
And when still nature only talks,
In the faint breeze or stream.

On the smooth bosom o' the loch,
The swan majestic sails;
His snawy breast, wi' silky plumes,
Courts a' the shifting gales.

His varied pow'rs, taste's grandest skill,
He sports, and darts away;
His waving neck rolls in its pride,
And claims its wat'ry sway.

Around, around, on moveless wing,
Wi' a' its arrow speed,
The swallow skims the water's face,
Or twitters on the reed.

The angler trips it weary hame,
Wi' treach'rous, bloody, steel,
Proud o' his murder a' the day,
And o' his heavy creel.

This is the hour, and this the bank,
The tale o' former days,
Whan frae thy bow'r, deep in the loch,
Thou, bonny mermaid, raise.

On that sweet knowe she often sat,
Her een wi' greeting eair;
Her polish'd arm, and shelly kame,
Kam'd her lang, waving, hair.

Her sighs, her moans, her bitter cries,
On ev'nings breeze are spread,
Till pity hears the melting voice,
And seeks the suff'rers bed.

The feeble groet, the doubling sob,
Steal on the grieving soul;
It's beauty's sell mourns on the knowe,
And fast her tears they roll.

But, O, deceitfu' are thy tears,
And black thy cruel crime;
It's happy few, few o' thy deeds,
Live on the tale of time.

Fast in thy rude, unnat'ral, grasp,
The fated victim writhes;
But on thy dark, thy monst'rous heart,
Strong anguish never kythes.

Quick, quick she plunges in the deep,
In triumph loud and keen;
The circling water closes round,
And nae mair are ye seen.

Though sweet the loch, sweet a' around,
  Yon far aff sounding sea
Wi' a' its cliffs, and viewless shores,
  Spreads awfu' on the ee.

The blue-green vast, still as the heav'ns,
  Which fringe its farthest hem,
Bears on its bosom labour's pride,
  And folly's fatal gem.

The wee bit boat—right grand I wyte—
  Comes coggling to the shore;
Awa the wives, wi' heavy creels,
  Link wi' their finny store.

The bounding bark, wi' meikle pride,
Spreads a' its snawy sail;
And fearless o' the storm or shore,
Invites a stouter gale.

Far, far awa, the stately ship,
Sae slawly moving by,
A mighty, magic, castle peers,
Atween the sea and sky.

Ye're Britain's strength, ye're Britain's seas,
There too be Britain's soul;
Ye need na by the Ganges burn,
Or freeze aneath the pole.

There praiseless wealth, proud silks and furs,
Mock your brown crusted hand;
And boneless pow'r, and bosomless pride,
Steal oure a palsy'd land.

What wad the virtuous Alfred say,
Ware Clive his table's pride;
And whare wad Bruce's sword be found,
Ware Hannay by his side.

What wad ye, Gresham, Barnard, think,
Ware a' the eastern band,
Wi' rapine foul, and red wi' blood,
To shake ye by the hand.

Strong son of Albion! freedom's isle,
In virtue, and alone,
Thy growing glories lang ha'e bloom'd,
Around thy chosen throne.

And lang they shall—keep it but pure,
Far aff the Asian pow'r,
Which sucks a people's wealth and blood,
And crumbles in an hour.

And lang they shall—the ocean round,
Pours wealth and strength on thee;
Proud Freedom fills thy ample breast,
And rolls thy dauntless ee.

Nature, aneath thy druid oak,
And thou, ha'e danc'd and sung;
She ministers thy boundless joys,
And decks thy fields sae young.

Although at times, fell, rav'ning pow'r,
Obscures the ray divine;
And short-liv'd monster's bloody hands,
Polute thy purple fine;

It's but the foam on the sweet burn,
Heap'd to the sunny ray;
The foulness rides the highest tap,
The blast whirls a' away.

Although at times the spirting snaw,
Sits on the vernal blade,
And Autumn's hoar-frost sometimes hangs
Untimely oure the glade;

Yet strong and sweet appears the Spring,
And proud and splendid shines
Thy Summer scenes; and Harvest rich
Thy palac'd barns lines.

Thy hills, gay liv'ry'd wi' thy flocks,
And ribb'd wi' richest ore;
Thy rivers wild, and full of life,
Row to the distant shore.

Thy daughters! nature's kindliest care,
She decks the form sae fine,
Young love and beauty gild the ha',
And swell the heart divine.

Mirth's there wi' a' her fairy steps,
And goodness at her side;
And virtue trim's the frolic scene,
Whan wand'ring spirits ride.

These, son of Albion! these are thine;
Weel may they fill thy ee;
For nature wi' unsullied hand,
Is gen'rous ay to thee.

And can thou, wi' a bastard's heart,
And wi' a changelings choice
On Indus gape on beaten gowd,
On Nootka's ice rejoice.

If so, there bide—wi' coward sword,
In blood and rapine smile;
Scouth o' sic wights already prance,
Unfetter'd oure our isle.

We need na mair corrupting gowd,
Nor pride embodying here;
Suck ye your melons; lea'e to us
The apple and the pear.

HARVEST.

HARVEST MORNING.

O JOVIAL Harvest, rich thou comes
Wi' yellow honours crown'd;
Thou hovers oure the highest tree,
And settles on the ground.

Thy breath, sae sweet, bids summer gang;
Thy bosom bids her stay;
Thy robe extended oure the earth,
Involves the teeming day.

The spiky forest, laiden a'
By man' and beasts' wet brow,
Leans heavy oure the shrinking stalk,
To fill the sickle fu'.

The dewy apple, tinted fine,
Hangs rich in luscious pride,
The leaf that clad its nursing day,
Dim shrivels at its side.

The oak o' heav'n wi' 'a' its strength,
Fades, like the flow'r, away;
Its shrinking limb, and sick'ning leaf
Let in an unco day.

Doubtfu' the lab'rings o' the sky,
Till nature's work is done;
They bid the carle nae mair trust,
A bonny rising sun.

The hoar-frost, left, by ling'ring night,
And chills the sickl'd hand,
Whispers grim Winter's lurid ee,
Is peering oure the land.

Forth frae the ha', and frae the cott,
The shearers, yawning, pour;
Rubbing their een, they care na sair
The sunshine or the show'r.

Sa'rless athort the rigs they spread;
The sickles sharp and sheen;
The morning's strength fast kindles up;
But whare's the hours o' e'en?

Awhile they laugh, awhile they joke,
Till ance the eydant sough,
Begins the langsome strife atween
The sickle and the plough.

Now nae a word till the rig-end
Th 'enliv'ning shearer gains;
Save whan the banster's mast'ry voice,
Or praises or complains.

Syne a' is din; the toil-sprent brow,
Is rubb'd baith smooth and fair;
And by the stouk, the lad and lass,
They daff, and touzle sair.

The banster chides, mild in his pow'r;
Up springs the eager band;
But hard and heavy feels the hook,
Unwelcome in the hand.

But soon it's buried in the rig;
And wet's the looting brow;
Nae langer weary feels the arm;
High flings the hand sae fu'.

The stouks sae thick, the rigs sae bare,
Light up the shearer's ee;
In ilka loughter, cheery, comes,
The kirn, and eke the fee.

The kirn, the fee, right sair ye earn;
But wha, my bairns, will say,
Ye feel na ay as't ware your ain,
The anxious harvest day?

I've mark'd your loughter'd hands kind care,
That nae a strae fell through;
Strong on the ruck-head heard your voice,
Whan mid-night's tempests blew.

Lang be ye sae, sweet lad, and lass!
The season's care your ain;
Your master's heart, your neighbour's love,
Your future toils may train.

O move thou on, thou broken cloud,
High oure the mountain grey;
There pour thy floods wild on the waste,
And hide the useless day.

Lour na black oure the harvest rig,
The morning trembles sair;
The banster fast stouks the braid sett,
The shearer's aid his care.

Heavy, awa, thou slawly sails;
The banster cracks and sings;
Though dear he kens the autumn'd day,
Wi' its strong brilliant wings.

He thinks na yon thin-bosom'd spraing,
That skirts sae slightly by,
Lang ere the mid-day beam is sped,
Will mantle mirk the sky;

And frae its darkling bosom pour,
The light'ning flashing round,
The thunder, roaring oure the hills,
The waters oure the ground.

Thae yellow fields; thae grassy braes;
The cattle on the hill;
The bleating flocks oure mountains far;
The forests soughing still;

Thy finny millions round thy shores,
Press'd on thy idle hand;
The herring, ruffling a' thy seas,
The whale dry on thy strand.

These, Scotland! are thy harvest's proud,
Though north and cauld ye be;
And nae sma' gift in nature's scale,
To a' thy sons, and thee.

Ye ken best how sic treasur'd wealth,
In triumph ye bring hame;
I fear the Hindoo's bloody gold,
Springs up a speedier fame.

What though the grape, varnish'd wi' dew,
Ne'er mantl'd oure thy braes;
Nor Arab air, nor Ceylon breath,
Row'd on thy northern rays;

What though nae gowd thy mountain burnts
Nae silver rives thy hill,
Nae jewel spangles frae the rock,
Nae silk worm spinning still;

Ye ha'e na the unbridl'd sword,
To shine and slaughter round,
The spoilers strong and dext'rous arm,
To bear thee to the ground.

Gin weening pow'r has sometimes lift,
The flaming arm on high,
The fatal emblem always hung,
Dark wither'd on the sky.

Proud be ye then o' a' your hills,
Your birks and bonny glens;
The warld wide, wi' muckle spite,
Your worth and prowess kens.

Your heath'ry sons ha'e bluid aneugh,
To gild an honest crown;
And arms fu' strong, and hearts fu' right,
To tear a tyrant down.

Your daughters, nature's bonniest gift,
Or in the meadow green,
Or whare the nations festoon'd love,
Smiles on its king and queen.

Lang be the bloom, lang be the smile,
Lang bliss they whare they shou'd,
Or kings unvarnish'd patriot brow,
Or Robin's in the wood.

Ye dames o' Scotland! sik your voust,
And sik your fame sae sair,
Let rotting wealth ne'er brak the spell,
Ye fand sae pure and rare.

And whare has Science, dainty maid,
Met wi' a kindlier sky;
Whare rais'd her rich informing voice,
Her polish'd brow sae high.

Whan Greece and Rome forgot thy smiles,
And chas'd thee from their zone,
The beauteous exile Jona sav'd,
And rear'd her northern throne.

Syne Ossian woo'd thee, mighty bard,
Thou fill'd his gentle soul,
And bade before him hero'd times,
In mildest manners roll.

But wha will sing succeeding times,
And Science' blazing ee,
Whan Greece and Rome, in a' their pride,
Ne'er, Scotland, vied wi' thee.

Now by the stouk the breakfast's set,
The shearers a' ly round;
Nae sair unlike a Roman feast,
Except it's on the ground.

Soon hunger yields his gape and glowr,
And vigour's pith's renew'd;
The banster's at wise former days;
Wee Nanny's titt'ring loud.

Deep in the earth the spoon-shaft's stuck,
The bread and cheese is oure;
The lads and lasses rax themsells,
Syne, daffin, loud's thy roar.

Wi' ae fauld heart, and honest joy,
They teauve and touzle rare
The banster growls his tumbl'd stooks,
And har'st mismarr'd sae sair.

His bonnet's aff—the orison's
For har'st and morning's yield;
The shearer joins, syne cheery stenns,
Ahint the yellow field.

The carle grey, wi' staff right lang,
And wise and ancient looks,
Crouse hirples oure the style, and pleas'd
He ee's the thick'ning stooks.

Syne sagely he, and right erect,
Ahint the ban'-win stands,
He praises here the rig sae snod,
There blames the scatt'ring hands.

The pleasant sough, the eydant toil,
Revive his mony years;
But, O, the harvests now to come—
He turns awa' in tears.

Sly in the stook the carle had
The mellow ale conceal'd;
His kindly voice bids a' come near
Soon strip'd's the kemping field.

A joyous harvest they carouse,
And health, and bloodless hands;
Syne bend they to their father grey,
And mony harvest bands.

Weel fells ye, honest carle! the hook,
The plough thrave in thy hand;
Improving skill, increasing wealth,
Thy sense spread oure the land.

Wha grudges then thy better coat;
And wha thy chaumer's cheer;
Wha wad na wish thy hoary locks,
To deck the coming year!

HARVEST NOON.

Now rich and proud, strong mid-day sun,
Thou views thy yellow day;
Thou gilds the stook, thou cheers the team,
And binds the joys o' May.

What though the rose dwines on its stalk;
The flow'r rows up its pride;
The fragrant leaf, the heavy ear,
Ly sickly on their side;

What though the chran-reuch browns the hill,
Which brown'd, wi' morn, the trees;
What though its chilly, blasting, breath
Spreads on the wand'ring breeze;

Still, mighty orb, frae thy braid breast,
Bursts strong the harvest's pride;
The scent may fail, the bloom may die,
But plenty beams a bride.

The waving braes, the lodged dales,
Swall on the gratefu' ee;
The stack-yard, hiding fast the barn,
O beam! they honour thee.

Now still, like midnight, by the stooks
The lads and lasses sleep;
E'en oure the banster's lyart brow,
His cares and labours creep.

The delting look, the dawting arm,
Are a' forgot and gane;
The weary limbs, the weary heart,
Ly thowless by the stane.

O toil, thy arrow pierces deep;
Strong works thy seemless pow'r;
Thou chills the yearnings o' the heart,
And blights the happy hour.

Sweet be your rest, children o' toil!
Another hour will tell,
How Rob steals loughters frae the rig,
O' bonny wearied Bell.

Hech, lad! your fau't it winna hide,
Your rig stooks unco thrang;
They'll coast ye, Bell, a kiss or twa,
Ay and a willing sang.

Sweet be your rest; for short's the time,
Whan ye maun rax and rise;
The sickle, dangling frae the stook,
Awaits your op'ning eyes.

Thou ance loo'd Bess, I see thee there,
A wee bit frae the lave;
It's nae foul pride withdraws thee thus,
Thou'rt dreaming o' thy grave.

Wha ance lift up the thrilling voice,
Or tript the floor wi' thee;
Whare reign'd a kindlier, nobler, heart;
And whare a sweeter ee?

Thy father's house, lang, lang renown'd,
Thou wast its darling pride;
And happy he, the proudest chief,
Wha smiled at thy side.

Sir Godfrey fause, thy maiden heart,
Wi' mony wiles, he won;
Thy father mourn'd thy luckless love;
He saw thy setting sun.

Alas! although thy lot was cast,
It was na as he fear'd;
The fatal cup's frae ither hands;
Thy doom frae ithers heard.

Mistaken loyalty thy tow'rs,
Sent flaming to the skies;
Mistaken love rent thy young heart,
And fill'd thy streaming eyes.

The busy ax besmear'd wi' gore
Thy father's locks sae grey;
Thy mother's broken heart repos'd,
Wi' his cauld, mangl'd, clay.

The villain knight, dark, dark, and deep,
And link'd wi' luckier pow'rs,
He soon possest thy ample fields,
And venerable tow'rs.

Th' atrocious heart, it never lov'd;
Nae mair he groans and sighs;
Proud bounds he oure his added wealth,
And whistles as he flies.

The churlish servant drives thee furth,
Cauld want and sorrow's child;
Distraction press'd thy wand'ring steps,
And hid thee in the wild.

Nae friend sought out thy devious path,
Nane heard thy waldritch sang;
Nane saw thy garments, ance sae fine,
Now tatter'd sair and lang.

The farmer—wha thy father's hand,
Had rais'd frae want and wae—
Ah! thousands mair shar'd his saft heart,
But thanks wi' fortune gae;

The farmer yearn'd oure thy distress,
And brought thee to his ha';
His kindness grew wi' a' thy ills,
To drive thy woes awa'.

Though frantic aft, and wand'ring ay,
Thy mind sma' calmness gain'd,
And though wild weakness edged on,
A native spark remain'd.

The wheel ga'es round, the barn sae cauld,
And a' the byres thy care;
The harvest rig is never right,
Gin Betsy be na there.

The farmer's care oure hill and dale,
Frae morn till latest night,
Are a' thy ain; and proud thou views,
The cheery, prosp'rous, sight.

Farewel, dear Maid! I ken'd thee weel,
In a' thy better days;
The rowing tear lang oure my cheek,
Has dew'd thy wand'ring ways.

Lang ha'e the yellow waving fields,
Hung on the hunter's ee;
Now bounds he oure the stibble land,
And a' his tykes in glee.

The wee bit maukin; far afore,
Pays on wi' light'nings speed;
But what's thy fleetness, what thy wiles,
Soon maun thou scream and bleed.

Och! Och! already frae yon whinns,
Are thae thy mournfu' cries?
And can thou, hunter, cheer sae loud
On the revolting skies!

O mighty hunter, ill I brook,
Your few and savage joys;
What keeps your hundred haf-starv'd tykes,
Wad rear a legion's boys.

Ye great indulge right noble joys,
  Ye should be great and bra';
But think wha's arm was't made your blood,
  And fills your mighty ha'.

Think wast'ry steicks the heart's best doors,
  And opens folly's wide;
Whan honour's sword rusts on the wa',
  In puffs young ruin, pride.

Dar'd ev'ry herd-loon keep a hound,
  To chace the timid hare,
A sport sae low, sae vulgar grown,
  Ye'd wind the horn nae mair.

Ye're nae right great,—there's something ay,
Should ev'n in pastimes be,
Aboon what casual affluence gi'es,
And what can meet the ee.

Gin I wad ride for honey'd health,
Or for the bonny day,
I wad na bid yon yowling tykes,
Or maukin point my way.

While industry spreads ae, ae, rag,
Or want diseases bring,
My gowpan'd meal—my kennel burn'd—
Should bid the mourner sing.

My bleeding country wants my arm,
It's sons my ample store;
It made me great, they built my fame,
And Gaul's soul's on our shore.

Hear ye yon scream sae mournfu' deep,
It pierces a' the soul;
Poor hare! they crash thy tortur'd limbs,
And loud in triumph howl.

The thicket fail'd thee; all thy wiles,
And strength thou sey'd again;
But, O, thou sunk wi' bursting heart,
A victim on the plain.

In mighty pride, hallooing loud,
The hunters gather round;
Thy quiv'ring heart, wi' joyous horn,
Is dashed on the ground.

Is't for thy sacrifice, poor thing,
The clouds lour down sae fast,
The rumbling thunder rows alang
The wild and gath'ring blast.

The rustling show'r soughs in the skies;
The shearer hears it sing;
The angry lightning, flashing round,
Bears ruin on its wing.

What's a' yon reek, sae lurid like,
Slaw rising oure the binn;
O foul and rank it eddies on
The black and sick'ning win'.

There hast thou burst, thou dreadfu' bolt!
The red earth's rifted round—
Ah me! is this the huntsman's strength,
Sae livid on the ground.

Blest be thy rest! let us adore,
Heav'n's issues as they are;
But sair oure-weening, let's na say,
Th' avenging arm is there.

We're thankfu' for the harvest field;
And ev'ry seasons' joy;
We welcome heaven's uplifted hand,
To raise, or to destroy.

HARVEST EVENING.

Yon's the last wain-fu', rocking hame,
Yon stack will had it a';
The gadsman whistles loud and lang,
And bids the winter bla'.

But what's a' this—the stibble field,
Seems unco heartless round;
We almost mourn our sickl'd strength,
Oure a' the vacant ground.

The cattle, jub'lee'd ance a year,
Nor field nor fence they ken;
As if they wot the annual day
They rout, and fecht, and sten.

Through a' their weel-ken'd houffs and haunts,
They prance wi' muckle glee;
The partrick whirring oure their heads,
O how they fling and flee.

The wither'd leaf is rowing by;
The sough o' Winter's near;
The nipping venom o' the north,
Spirts on the ev'ning clear.

Nae lang it lasts—the rainbow'd tints,
Blink oure the trembling skies;
The varying beams, sae thin and pale,
Soon strong, and awfu' rise.

Sportive they play, they sough, they crash;
The face of nature glows;
The ample bosom o' the lift,
Flames out wi' dreadfu' throwes.

But wha will paint th' embroiled heav'ns,
Whan ilka beam's a day;
And ilka beam flits round the lift,
Wi' light'ning's winged play?

And wha will paint th' embroiled heav'ns,
Whan a' these colours fly,
Broke in their pride, wi' soughing din,
Athort the mingling sky?

Dread wonder strikes the stoutest heart,
Pale fear's nae far awa';
The kindl'd heavens, blazing round,
Awaken hallow'd awe.

Ourecasting clouds, thou meteor grand!
Press a' thy beauties down;
And black, and troubl'd, is the night,
Oure a' the busy town.

Eh! Spunkie! ca' ye't—Will-o' wisp!
Ye skip, and bounce right sair;
Oure fatal bogs, the wand'ring wight,
Ye lure him, blinking, there.

Eerie but stout, he fondly thinks,
Ye're the wee winnocks light—
He presses on—in the deep bog,
He meets eternal night.

See frae the dark, and drear kirkyard,
The torch sae blue and pale;
It hazy lifts its boding flame,
And slaw creeps up the vale.

There soon the wae-worn, number'd, life,
Th' irremeable way
Will find; the dark, the dreary, path
To your cauld bed o' clay.

Ah! sorrow clings on ilka hour,
Though ilka moment says,
The rugged, dreary, path of life,
But leads to better days.

The carle sees the last ruck-head,
Hapt in baith saif and braw;
He lea'es na a' the year's returns,
While there's a raip to draw.

He stirrs na frae the stackyard proud,
Midst meikle joy and din,
Till through the blast, and "Harvest hame,"
He hears the fasten'd pin.

Syne lad and lass, wi cheery lilt,
Skip to the reeking ha';
The lyart banster smirks right glad,
The goodman rocks awa.

Proud o' their strength, their treasures hame,
The hills and dales resound;
And may-be gentle triumph's meant
Oure slawer towns around.

Saw ye the board, ye prince's sons,
Wi modest dainties crown'd;
Saw ye the lightsome, cloudless hearts,
Sae cheery gather round;

Ye wadna sing your silver'd board,
Nor wad ye a' your train,
Your gusty cups, sae costly, whare
Nor joy, nor friendship reign;

Whare pride sits jealous, dark, and sour,
And folly chatters on,
And pigmy cunning, artfu', prowls,
Or for the mob or throne.

See the goodman's adoring eye;
His soul springs up to heav'n;
The varied year rows oure his heart,
Wi' a' its kindness given.

He lifts his hands; heav'n's blessing begs;
And through the drapping tear,
The earnest of their langsome toils,
He bids his people share.

Sober, yet joyous is the feast,
Though ilka now and then,
Fun jokes, ev'n with the banster's sell,
Sair rugging at the hen.

But the goodman's composing ee,
Bids a' be quiet and still,
Till offer'd thanks, and board remov'd,
Lea'e auld and young at will.

Now frolic girds her tissu'd sash,
And mirth she warms the smile,
Love's nae ahin' wi' stealing glance,
And tender, woo'ing, wile.

The fiddle sounds—the cheery carle,
Daft Tibby at his side,
The goodwife's hand's in Willy's niv—
They trip wi rueless pride.

Syne lads and lasses, frank and fair,
Fling fairy-like around;
The fingers knack, right loud's the squeek,
The feet forget the ground.

Toil's annual brow, wi' mony draps,
Is a' forgot and gane;
The hard-han'd plowman minds nae soutts,
Nor runkl'd banster's grane.

Oich! in yon nook the smack's oure loud—
Bell's apron's at her ee—
The banster's capping round the swats,
Bid jealous touts abee.

The yellow cock's unwelcome scream,
Skirls frae the bauk, right tame;
It breaks the spell, and spreads a cloud,
Oure a' the "harvest hame."

He seeks his bonnet; he his claes;
The swats faim round and round;
The goodman's thanks, his echoing praise,
Through a' the ha' resound.

Ye're cheery a'—lang be ye tae;
Lang live the carl sae grey;
Lang, lang his spirit guide the plough,
His ha' reek on the brae.

It's there strong nature stamps the man;
Though sometimes burrowing there,
The face-wave thought, the varnish'd act,
Steals through kind nature's care.

Och! it's nae aft—eair I could greet,
The live lang night and day,
Ware tropick'd hearts, and towsely heads,
Perch'd on the blythsome brae.

It's frae the braes the nation's strength,
And it's best riches spring;
The forced city forces wealth,
But nae what plowmen bring.

The loom, the forge, great in their kind,
They bid the nation rise;
But gin the plough rests on the bauk,
The loom, the nation, dies.

Ilka proud grain frae foreign fields,
That press thy wat'ry wa's,
The horn o' thy decaying strength,
And ruin, steady, blaws.

The spider'd thread, the bursting pouch,
May feed a statesman's ee—
It's nae there, Britain, thy plain sons,
Look for thy strength and thee.

Whare stood the city whan the foe
Press'd a' the country round;
London, thy strength's a hawthorn hedge
And red, red, bloody ground.

Nae aye sae gentle autumn ends,
Her rich and promis'd reign;
Black winter bursts his strong barrier,
Wi' a' his fatal train.

The hurricane cuts the braid stack,
And whirls it oure the wa';
The unshorn fields, the scatter'd stooks,
Ly buried in the snaw.

The doited farmer staukis alang,
Wild oure the hill and dale;
And deep on ilka soughing blast,
He hears his ruin'd tale.

The gath'ring gloaming sends him hame;
But O whare is the ha'!
The furious flames ha'e burst its sides;
Red ruin covers a'.

Bide, hopeless man; yet, yet thy friends
Come growing oure the hill;
Heav'n winna lean its hand oure sair.
To frame thee to its will.

Thy arm, O heav'n! is unco strong,
But, O, it's slow and kind;
Aft saw thou, carl, the gath'ring cloud,
And heard it in the wind.

Nae mair forget the auld heart,
Right be thou on the brae;
Thy cup is dash'd—I winna add—
But few, ah few, be sae.

Look round again; ye are na lost;
Lift up the heart ance mair;
Pity may on the gibbet wait,
Compassion is na there.

Look round again; the eye o' heav'n
Is tender ay and kind;
The unwitch'd friendship o' the brae,
Dwalls on the simple mind.

The sportsman, leaning on his gun,
His dogs a' peching round,
The flaming shot tears through his side,
And spreads him on the ground.

The num'rous slaughters o' the day,
Around him bloody ly;
His faithfu' dogs lick a' his wounds,
And deep they yowl, and high.

Wha tents the flame? wha spreads the shot?
It is na you or me;
A stronger arm lives in the wind,
And, huntſman, is't for thee!

WINTER.

WINTER MORNING.

It's cauld—it's dark—through the dread waste
Yon starn, sae red, and sma,
Presses its weak, encumber'd, beam,
To perish in the sna'.

But the wee ember feebly sinks,
In the dark-bosom'd cloud;
And loud, and sair, the angry blast,
Roars through the rocking wood.

Och! Och! it's mirk—the furious storm,
Howls round the hill nae high;
And black, and awfu', on the earth,
Sits down the laiden sky.

The snaw-flakes, heavy on the blast,
Oppress its ruthless way—
My trembling limbs are chill wi' cauld—
Whare art thou, ling'ring day?

Comes thou nae mair—has nature clos'd,
Her blythe and bonny ee;
Or bids thou night pour a' its wrath,
On the poor herds and me.

It's dreadfu'—yon's the gowden cock;
He bodes the coming light;
Loud, loud he screams his farewell yell,
To the departing night.

Sma' is't that blaws the spark o' life,
That stills the rushing tear;
Yon scream, weel-ken'd, lifts up the heart,
And tells a hearth right near.

Through yon dark parting cloud, the east
Blinks in a feeble ray;
Sickly it wanders oure the gloom,
A waefu' hope o' day.

It reaks na to the mountain-tap,
Black wi' the wind and rain;
The mid-way cloud lets't sometimes peer,
And rolls itself again.

Scantly it shaws the gloomy glen,
Whare ling'ring spirits roam;
Day's stronger beam the ghost would send
Fast to its dismal home.

Yon ghost, alarm'd, in filmy sheet,
Sails down the quaking vale;
And in the kirk-yard, dark and drear,
Pours out the waefu' tale.

Sair shakes the earth—the op'ning grave,
The shrieking spectre draws;
While howe and fearfu' grows the voice,
Through a' the ruin'd wa's.

It's thee, my bonny, hapless, Bell!
Aft by the midnight beam,
I've seen thy gentle, frantic form,
Lean oure the fatal stream.

O restless spirit! storm's rough blast,
Canna dry up my tear;
Nor frae my heart, thy charms, thy fate,
Shall age and weakness wear.

Come, aften come, or to my dreams,
Or to my vision'd ee;
My heart will never bound sae glad,
As whan it bounds wi' thee.

O gentle Bell! thy youthied morn,
Show'd like the op'ning flow'r;
Thy soul, nae purer ray frae heav'n,
Far spread it's chast'ning pow'r.

The tear o' woe, the ray o' love,
Cauld fill thy rowing ee;
And mony a charm kind nature ga'e,
Sweet angels trimm'd for thee.

But, ah! short liv'd on thy sweet cheek,
The bonny tinted rose;
Fast fail'd those beams o' life and love,
Aneath thy gath'ring woes.

Far, far away, the fatal sword,
Pour'd out thy father's blood;
Thy brother's limbs, the shock o' war,
Strew'd oure the roaring flood.

The wae-worn heart, the tear sae aft,
Soon clos'd thy mother's eye;
And midnight flames, thy humble cott,
Sent, blazing, to the sky.

I hear thee shrieking through the flames;
I see thee dark and still!
Thy hands braid spread, thy eyes lift up—
'Heaven! bend me to thy will.'

O na—the ray o' peace and joy,
Forsook thy wounded soul;
And oure thy few and frantic days,
Did gloomy sorrow roll.

O na—farewell, thou hapless maid!
Peace in the grave be thine;
And when it yields its broken charge,
Thy fate, O Bell, be mine.

But O it's cauld—nae chirping bird,
The snaw shakes frae its wing;
Wee sits thou, quiv'ring, in the bush,
And hears the tempest sing.

Thy wee drink'd feathers staind on end,
Thy wings hang oure thy feet;
Nae leaf's to turn yon wint'ry wind,
Or bield thee frae the sleet.

And hungry too, my bonny bird;
To thee, far aff's thy morn;
For heavy, heavy, hang the flakes,
Ic'd on the bending thorn.

It's louder yet—thou dreadfu' storm,
Thou bursts thy boist'rous way,
And whirling round thee ilka cloud,
Lets in the morn sae blae!

Dread was the night—and dread's the morn;
Whare's a' the hours o' May;
Whan will ye lift your bonny beam,
And gi'e us unco day!

Whan will ye spread your bonny leaf;
Whan sprinkle round your dew;
And frae thy thorn, my bonny rose,
Thee shall I ever pu'.

Again the cock—it's nae sae wild—
Nature's haf living round,
And spreads her echo frae the rock,
To swell the cheering sound.

Again nae mair yon circling reek,
Rows up the louring sky;
And labour's early, glimmering, lamp,
Blinks, welcome, on my eye.

Strong the cauld, chilling, arm o' death,
Seem'd o'er the warld to reign;
Thou, cheery taper, thy bit beam,
Gi'es us a warld again.

O toil, smooth, smooth's thy hardest bed,
The heather's like the down;
The pillow that bears up thy head,
Is safter than a crown.

O hear ye frae the trimmed ha',
The morning hymn sae fine;
Hear ye the father's orison,
Sae humble, sae divine.

In joy and peace he welcom'd night;
In joy and peace he raise;
The blazing ingle o' the morn,
Bade a' be pray'r and praise.

Blythe shines the face, strong beats the heart,
Warm'd wi' a soul like thine;
Thy life, thy hope, my hoary carl,
Thy life, thy hope, be mine.

See ye him pressing through the wrythe;
The father cheer'd the ha';
The master's voice, the master's hand,
Maun cheer the crib and sta'.

Ay drifts the snaw—the airy east,
His beam casts on the storm;
And slaw, and sweer, the wintry day,
Lifts up his angry form.

And what avails't—the rusty plough
Is buried in the snaw;
The spade, the pick, but nae the flail,
Are frozen to the wa'.

Return then, carl—what though the dew,
Be a' forgot, and gane;
What though the gowan's shrivell'd tap,
Lies cauld aside the stane;

Sweet spring, thy fields, sae smooth, and white,
Will cleed wi' velvet green;
And oure thy furrs shall summer's strength,
And harvest's robe be seen;

Return—thy cheery ingle-side,
Is shining clear, and clean;
Strong birrs the wheel; the sang, the tale;
And a' is blythe and bein.

The goodman's hand was strong in mine;
The storm o' night return'd,
Wild oure his soul; his melting eye,
Oure a' my suff'rings mourn'd.

I'm cauld, goodman; thy eager hand,
Throws up the door to me;
It seeks na storm to melt thy heart,
Or wet thy gentle ee.

I'm unco cauld—the morning bairns
Will fast the creepy draw;
Nae mair I'll think o' woods and wilds,
The angry sleet, and snaw.

My pipe will lighten ilka heart,
The hour o' wae's ouregane;
And gentle Suky's melting voice,
Can fill the ha' its lane.

We'll dance, we'll sing; but nae forget,
The storm-worn wand'rer's groans,
High on the hill, far in the glen,
We'll listen for his moans.

We'll dance, we'll sing; and sair we'll shame,
The wee bit peevish day;—
He's get a sna'-ba'; and we'll dream,
A bonny buxom May.

WINTER NOON.

Now cauld and clear, the risen day
Shines peery oure the waste;
The winged storm rests on the hill,
And a' is oure and past.

Far up the hill, oure broken rocks,
The waters murmur deep;
And, still, the loch, and frozen waves,
Aneath the snaw they sleep.

Hung on the north, scarce bends the reek,
Afore the breeze sae still,
And distant far appears the sky,
Ayont the snaw-smooth hill.

The wrythes a' shool'd lats to the burn,
The cattle frae the sta';
And neighbour Tam, to crack an hour,
Comes linking oure the sna'.

But was na Jean there—tocher'd lass,
And neither proud nor fraime,
I doubt the goodman might ha'e napp'd,
And Tam ha'e staid at hame.

Wi' wallet cramm'd, and ruddy cheek,
Alang the mountain side,
The shepherd pierces the dread waste,
Or drives the forest wide.

He whistles loud—the scatter'd flocks
List far, far oure the heath;
The ancients ken; and fast they trot,
Frae boded smoth'ring death.

Far frae the bield he leads them on,
Though louring grows the sky;
And spreads them, nibbling, oure the heath,
Whare snaw-wrythes winna ly.

Around, and far, the duteous cur,
Yelps oure the rocks sae bare;
Weel colly kens the thoughtless things,
Committed to his care.

Weel ken they too his anxious zeal,
And, sportive, straggle sma;
The yelp is up; they scud fu' fast;
Or oure they're on the sna'.

There toils the shepherd, nights and days,
To keep them frae the bield;
Reliev'd, he and his colly hame,
Bound cheery oure the field.

The hunter, wha sprang wi' the day,
Girt in his arms sae sheen,
Wi' a' his dogs, wi' a' his men,
To hunt till it was e'en;

High bounds he oure the rocks and hills,
A' houffs and haunts he kens;
In vain the buck, in vain the roe,
Oure moor and mountain stens.

But O though joyous be the chace,
In Januar or May;
In bothy blythe or summer shiel,
Aft fatal is the day.

Ill fated Du! lang sixty years,
Thou rang'd the forest wide;
June's strong red beam, December's snaw,
Fell saickless at thy side.

Craigow's high tap ken'd weel thy foot,
Sae did the roaring Spey;
Thy cheery ha', thy kindly heart,
Were open night and day.

Years mark'd thy brow; the thick grey locks,
Wav'd oure thy shoulders braid;
And weel thy step, and weel thy ee,
Became the belted plaid.

The hill, the rock, ahint the deer,
Ware gowan'd glens to thee;
And midnight stalking pastes wild,
Was blythsome on thy ee.

Whan weary, weary, frae the chace,
Thou row'd the bothy oure,
Thy soldier'd youth, thy tender heart,
Fill'd up the latest hour.

The chace was oure; black burst the storm
Oure hill, and tow'r and tree;
The bothy, shelter'd by the craig,
Receiv'd thy friends and thee.

Loud roll'd the thunder oure the hill,
Dread echoing through the vale;
And red, and fast, the light'ning sped,
Alang the gloomy dale.

Earth rocks aneath the angry blast,
Floods tumble frae the skies;
Ghosts trouble the dark cumb'rous clouds,
And shrieking spectres rise.

Nae fear; nae dread; sweet is the feast,
And sweet the glass gaes roun',
The roar o' sangs, and boist'rous mirth,
The howling tempest drown.

The blazing ingle warms the heath,
Spread on the snaw-sprent floor;
This is thy bed, Du! and thy friends,
Thy bed forevermore.

High frae the cliff the storm-riv'n rock,
Roars down the mountain's side;
The forest groans alang its path,
Red ruin's far and wide.

Wi' gath'ring speed the horrid mass,
Bursts oure the bothy bein—
Nae sigh, nae groan rise on the blast,
Nae mair's the bothy seen.

See yon poor beggar—weak his step;
Slaw, slaw, he speels the brae;
His hand scarce hads his bending staff,
It is sae cauld and blae.

Wee bairnie, hanging by his rags,
O bare, and cauld's thy feet!
Come, hirple on; thou'rt unco pale,
Aneath the driving sleet!

Haste, haste ye baith; sair worn's your plaid
And piercing is the win';
Your pow'rless arm, your fingers numb,
Will hardly turn the pin.

And whare's thy wife—but may-be thou,
Has sought this life o' wae;
And her right heart fail'd on thy steps,
And moulders in the clay.

May-be;—but cauld and hard's thy lot;
And if aught wrang be thine,
We'll leave thee to a better judge;
To help thee be it mine.

What's a' yon roaring on the loch;
Ye curlers are ye there;
Has the strong storm made firm your feet,
And pride your bosom bare.

What! Mildred fam'd baith far and near,
For a' the curler's glee;
Has ony parish in the land,
Presumptuous, challeng'd thee!

Blest game, which binds saft neighb'ring ties,
Sweet is the din ye raise;
Nae aching heart hangs oure the throw;
The friend, the rival, praise.

While round and round, wi' swallow's speed,
The air-born skater flies;
His feet o' wind forget the earth,
And seem to skirt the skies.

Gowd guides na, fell, the curler's arm;
The laird and John play there;
Here skill is crown'd; in ev'ning joy,
The laird and Johnny share.

The rude debauch blasts na the day;
Wine blinks her ray in vain;
The curler seeks na frae the glass,
The joy that's a' his ain.

O idly creep ye on the sky,
Thou sun sae cauld and pale!
Thy beam peers, feckless; oure the knowe,
And wan fa's on the dale;

And idler still, thou queen o' night!
Thou lifts thy trembling horn;
Though yet, I fear, ye'll baith be miss'd
Afore the langsome morn.

Few are your steps to yon black west,
And short's the heartless day;
The trav'ller marks your tickly lamps,
And presses on his way.

He fears the ev'n; he dreads the night;
O, stiff's his snawy hair;
Fell spectres vex his troubl'd soul,
And fill him with despair.

Let na the warld tempt thy life—
Come in, and bide wi' me;
The morning's sun will light thee on,
And joy will gang wi' thee.

Come in—around the cruck your tale,
Will help the ev'n awa';
The fare weel-wish'd, the gleed right clear,
Your dozin'd veins will thaw.

The pipe sae clean, the greidan fresh,
Will keep the tale alive;
And reaming swatts, owre wint'ry beards,
Wi' winter's sell shall strive.

My fiddle, nae in best o' tune,
I'se tak' her frae the wa';
And mony are the light-heel'd things,
That wish the frisk sae bra'.

And gin the ruthless storm prevail,
And sough baith lang and sair,
The cock-craw change, and sleep sae sound,
May bring's a morning fair.

But be't na sae my heck is fu',
My pot's ay on the fire;
My peat-stack's for a winter lang,
And sae's my barn and byre.

Sae bide ye still, till better hours,
Invite your steps awa';
Whan we'll no dread the tempest wild,
And sad bewild'ring snaw.

We'll bless you, cheery, on the way;
And hope the hour o' mine,
Whan the lang day, awa the storm,
I sing wi' thee, and thine.

WINTER EVENING.

O, Robin Redbreast! ill thou bodes;
Thou flaps the winnock sair;
Come, let him in; what, on the hearth,
Yea! Robin, are ye there!

I've seen thee, yare in a' thy pride,
Lift up thy saucy ee;
And though afore thou ken'd my hand,
Thou scorn'd the ha' and me.

Iv'e seen thee whith'ring in the bush,
And heard thee on the thorn;
Right skeigh thou car'd na aught for me,
Anent the sunny morn.

Round geks thy head; whare's a' thy fears;
Your pride, whare is't ava—
Amang the essels crouse ye heat,
Your taes sae lang and sma'.

Is't auld acquaintance through the room,
That bears thy flicht'ring wing—
Does winter string thy fearfu' heart—
Nae matter—chirp and sing.

Ye peck right spruce upon the boord,
While bairnies smirk and stare;
I bid ye tent yon sleeky puss—
She's hirpling to be there.

Ye're thankless, Robin; wee's your heart;
Ye wait a kindlier morn;
Syne—whare's the hearth, and whare the chips—
Ye binner to the thorn.

Ill bode ye, frisky though ye be,
Far aff's the soughing sound;
There's something dreadfu' in the night;
O how it gathers round.

Far in the clouds it gathers deep,
Though a's sae still and fine;
O Robin, lang ere dawing comes,
It's nae thy sang or mine.

But cadgey sits thou in the neuk,
And blinks around right spruce;
Thou'rt satisfied in the red storm,
Thou'rt shelter'd warm and crouse.

Now a' is bustle round and round,
The roofs are righted a';
Nae raip hangs lously on the ruck;
Nae stane louse on the wa'.

They ken the tempest's angry hand,
And a' its fellest pow'r;
And strong in their lang seyed skill,
They wait the destin'd hour.

Content grinds through the stable length;
The cud gangs in the byre;
The lads and lasses, a' things right,
Crowd round the blazing fire.

But, Oh! na, as when gloaming's sweet,
In ilka sough and sound;
And weel-tim'd daffin, welcome ay,
Maks a' things cheery round.

Fear, sham'd, sits dim on ilka face,
They ken what's boding weel;
Nae sang is heard, nae tale is tauld,
And weak birrs round the wheel.

There ben ev'n Robin's wing is cow'r'd,
The goodman, list'ning, fears;
Dark comes he frae the hillock head,
His ee red oure wi tears.

O heavy lours thou, misty west,
Thy sleet spirts thort the skies;
The curler flies the rairing rink;
The bursting rivers rise.

The distant sea sounds deep and loud;
The winds, sae dreadfu', sing;
And round the hill, and down the glen,
Howe murmurs, eerie, ring.

The cloud, sae mirk, grows braid and deep;
Nae mair the sky is seen;
And strong and aft bursts through its form,
The angry flash sae sheen.

Down fa's black night; the ruthless sprite,
Dread on the tempest flies;
And loud his waldritch voice is heard,
Oure a' the troubl'd skies.

The rain drives, furious, on the blast;
O far and fast it pours;
Red, frae the mountain's op'ning side,
The spreading torrent roars.

Afore't the cott in ruin rows,
Far scatter'd oure the brae;
The shepherd mourns his ruin'd hour,
And wrings his hands sae blae.

Despair his wife drives through the spate,
The tumbling wreck to save;
The bairnies louping on the knowe,
Laugh at the foaming wave.

Far, far, the river's rising voice,
Grows on the mingling sound;
The riving ice, on the vast wave,
Spreads wae and ruin round.

The crashing mass, atween the banks,
Piles up a mountain high,
While through its chasms, the dammed flood
Streams up the gloomy sky.

The mass enormous, slaw, alang,
Rocks on the groaning wave;
O mony mourn thy dreadfu' tract,
And meet a wat'ry grave.

The cow, the sheep, wi' a' their huts,
In hundreds tumble down;
Torn by the roots, the forest grey,
Rows roaring by the town.

O hear na ye yon wild wild voice;
O shrill it shrieks and fast;
It pierces a' the horrid din
And lingers on the blast.

Fell cauld and danger press yon life—
Death grasps thy shiv'ring hand,
O canna a' thae sailing trees,
Bear thee but to the land.

Nearer and nearer the dread yell—
O Susan, is it thee!
It's Susan's voice, it's Susan's life—
Whan, sorrow, leaves thou me!

Infrequent, feeble, fa's the voice—
Whare is the arm to save!
No—gentle Susan, thou must meet
The dark, the wat'ry grave!

Dread is yon plunge; that's thy last scream;
Awa' the ruin sails;
My aged limbs, bear ye me up,
My aged bosom fails.

Ere since thy cradle, gentle Sue!
That day it didna shine,
But growing treasures in thy heart,
Smil'd frae thy face divine.

Whare a' ware fair, whare a' ware good,
Thou fix'd the wand'ring ee;
The smile o' age, the sigh o' youth,
Fell saftly ay on thee.

This day—thy death—the early morn
Ga'e thee the suff'rers tale;
Ah! could we dream wi' cruel ev'n,
Thou'd be a corpse sae pale.

The bed o' sickness sought thy heart,
The bed o' want thy hand;
Day sped thee oure the bending ice,
And brought thee to the land.

The hour which lifts the wae-worn heart,
And stays the trickling tear,
The hour which bars the door on want,
Is unco short and dear.

The tale o' grief dwells on the lip;
It's tear delights to run;
And wha can chide the length'ning tale,
Or check the rising groan!

Alas! my Susan, this blest hour,
That fill'd thy gentle ee,
That bade thy heart bound to thy side,
Is the last hour to thee.

Alas! the ev'ning wing'd wi' storm,
Fast hurry'd on thy doom;
Thou fled too late; the binding ice
Misled thee to thy tomb.

Thy dying voice, frae my sair heart,
Will never fade away;
And ay I'll mark wi' mony a tear,
Thy dreadfu' fatal day.

O canna, Death! the wither'd cheek,
And the cauld, thowless, heart,
And nae what's a' our joy and pride,
Assuage thy bloody dart.

But on the rock, or on the ice,
Our lives sae trustless be,
Nae lang fareweel, my Susan sweet,
Can part thy friends and thee.

O Winter! dreadfu' on thy wing,
Thou bears the dying year;
Thy ruthless hand makes mony a sob,
And springs the gushing tear.

Black spreads thy lurid luckless pow'r;
Ev'n Nature, bed-rid, dwines;
And joy, aneath thy chilling ee,
Her mony features tines.

Awa, awa, thou Winter drear!
Fast speed thou to the west;
And send the gentle, genial, Spring,
In gowd and purple dress'd.

Awa, awa, thou Winter grim!
Let me the morning see,
Whan on the gowan's bonny tap,
My lassie trips wi' me.

AN HYMN

TO THE

ALMIGHTY.

HYMN.

O THOU, Supreme! or on thy throne,
With boundless glory crown'd;
With all thy flaming ministers,
Thy million'd worlds around;

Or in the dew-drop, or the ray,
Innum'rous o'er the green,
Where thy kind hand, with blessings full,
Forever works unseen;

'Twas Thou who spoke in the dread void,
While sweet thy angels sung;
Great on thy voice thy cherubs flew;
Up vast creation sprung.

Thou spread the mantling heav'ns around,
And hung thy suns on high;
And scatter'd round unnumber'd worlds,
Beyond the human eye.

Thou from the fair created earth,
The mirky veil withdrew;
And the vast orb among thy worlds,
With love and blessings threw.

Immense, like all thy mighty works,
Perfect, Thou bade it roll;
The hills Thou balanc'd with the deep,
And fix'd the steady pole.

One garment rob'd the hill, the dale,
One was the sky serene;
Life's endless forms in beauty play,
Along the boundless green.

Man, thine own image, there Thou crown'd,
And bade him live and reign;
Thy Angels sung his kindred life,
And deck'd his new domain.

Ah! short thy reign; dread was thy fall;
No longer order shines;
Heaven's parent-arm withdrawn, no more
The ruin'd man entwines.

He, gentle spirits! he was yours;
How fail'd he, ye can tell!
Almighty Father! yet forgive,
The suff'rer as he fell.

Forgive his children! they too fell—
O strong thy goodness shines!
Thy Son renews thy forfeit love;
The broken olive twines.

But Oh! long from the beauteous earth,
The virgin-face is fled;
And angry, yet, the arm of heav'n,
On the vast ruin's laid.

Man's splendour, man's exalted joy,
On earth, and ocean die;
His broken faith, his bleeding crime,
Stream from his anguish'd eye.

Yet ay with justice, mercy reigns;
Man lifts the face divine;
Thy goodness strews his varied way;
Thy glory bids him shine.

O Thou, my God! yet, yet's thy gifts;
Thou decks the light, the shade;
Thy finger marks the seasons round,
And bids the earth be glad.

Thou measures out the Winter hour,
So long, so cold, so chill;
Yet all its storms, and all its deaths,
Teem with thy mighty will.

Thy breath, kind on the breeze of Spring,
Sheds rich and far thy dew;
The bud, the leaf, lift up their wings
Strong on the life sae new.

Thou gently rolls red Summer's orb,
While Nature smiles and sings;
And all thy rip'ning gifts thou fans,
Rich from her mighty wings.

The yellow Harvest, from thy hand,
Waves on the blessing gale;
Man's annual wealth, man's annual joy,
Proud deck the hill and dale.

The day, the hour, all, all are thine,
The rent oak, and the rose;
Thou kindly looks on man's frail form,
Thou sighs o'er all his woes.

Almighty Thou! it is not here,
Thy love, thy goodness, end;
Or in the thunder, or the storm,
Alone thy pow'rs extend.

It is not on the earth, so rich,
Thou rears the gilded dome
For man—nor bids him coward there
Seek an eternal home.

No—tender bids thou all his mind,
Rise on the heav'n sublime;
Thy arm supports the sad outcast,
Far oure the wing of time.

Thou soothes his heart with peace and love,
Shed kindly from thy throne;
Fearful he lifts the guilty eye,
And prays thy will be done.

Thou sees him rising, full of Thee,
Thou sees him faint and fail;
O dwindl'd nature, is it thee!
And what can now avail!

It's o'er—Thou bids the broken soul,
With all thy angels reign,
Thy mercy tempers all thy wrath,
And man is man again.

Thy Son weeps o'er each fatal ill;
The Father hears his sighs;
And, Man sweet child of both your loves,
Ascends his kindred skies.

THE

POOR AULD MAN.

THE

POOR AULD MAN.

The sun sang on the wanton breeze;
Nae ee could thole the sky;
Strong summer's bonny, fragrant, wing,
Swam round the mountain high.

The tree, braid-mantling oure the hut,
It rustl'd saft and still;
The beam expands the modest rose,
Hung oure the trinkling rill.

The gowan proudly deck'd the path,
And gilded a' the knowe,
And on the daice, and up the wa',
Rear'd its dishevell'd brow.

The woodbine, round the winnock, shed,
Its rich, its wild perfume;
And creeping through the ivy green,
Spread large its bonny bloom.

The loit'ring reek, frae the bit lum,
Scarce curls aboon the tree;
The grey cat coiled on the thatch,
Heeds neither birds nor me.

Furth hirpl'd frae the joyless hearth,
The man sae auld and poor;
Crin'd down wi' age, he need na lout,
Aneath his humble door.

He rax'd himsell wi' mony a groan;
His glaz'd ee trembl'd round;
His smooth-worn staves lean'd to the daice;
Haf bent he to the ground.

Slaw turn'd he round wi' seeking ee,
And anxious, bootless ear;
The rheum ran down his runkl'd cheek,
And ay he cough'd and sair.

Whare is the hand to guide thy steps;
The tear to mix wi' thine;
And wha will tent th' unheeded cup,
And watch thy hourly peine.

Lang flat's the grave on thy lov'd dame;
Thy sons they fought and fell;
Thy darling daughter wrung thy heart,
Oure aft thy tear maun tell.

Though lang thy life, when ance the wind,
Blew round thy houseless head,
Wha ken'd the beggar, and his waes,
And whare his crumb o' bread.

Let be thy staves, son o' the grave!
The knowe's oure far awa';
Thy wat'ry ee hangs on the path,
That led thee to the ha;

The path that brought thy angel pair;
Though beat the wind and weet,
To trim thy hut, to cheer thy heart,
And thy bit ingle beit;

The ha' whare Helen's melting heart,
Wept a' thy ills and waes;
Thy wallet toom, thy rags sae thin,
Nae mair annoy'd thy days.

Thy hut she saw rear'd on the knowe,
Aneath the soughing tree;
The daice without, the bed within,
A' comfort ware to thee.

Thy arm-chair by the hearth was set;
Thy cup-board shone right clear;
And kind wi' Nancy, ilka meal,
Sang to thee, and thy cheer.

But O, auld man! short while's thy lot,
To rub the tearless ee;
Thy gentle Helen, thy wee Nan,
Soon left the warld and thee.

Ilk day aft on the knowe thou looks,
For the sweet souls in vain;
And aft, aft, greets thou, poor auld man!
Aneath the wind and rain.

Thou'lt follow soon; thy sainted maids,
Again they'll fill thy een;
The turf haf-lifted shapes thy bed,
Thy wraith wi' gloamin's seen.

O does thy dimly-wand'ring ee,
Rest on the ruin'd ha';
Thy hands sae stiff thou, bitter, wringe,
Thy tears unnumber'd fa'.

The open houff, to a' thy wants
That minister'd sae kind,
Oppression flush'd wi' pride and pow'r,
Bleak bared to the wind.

The ee that cheer'd the hill and dale,
And sought the poor, the good,
Now pours the unavailing tear,
On wild Ohio's flood.

There though sweet Nature's ample hand,
Meets a' thy heart and ee,
Thy lang-lov'd threshold, ev'n thy grave,
Are ay maist dear to thee.

There though nor swings the arm o' pow'r,
Nor pouts the poor man's scorn,
Thy youtheid ha', though dimm'd wi' care,
Dwells on thy ev'n and morn.

Alas! auld man, thy morsel now,
Hangs on the casual ee;
And aft oppression's starving hand,
Makes lang the hour to thee.

Nae fordlings in the cup-board crowd;
The mouse nae crumbs can find;
Nae aft the door creaks on its hinge;
Or heard's the voice sae kind.

The poor auld man writh'd on the daice;
Dark raise the years agone;
Yet gleam'd the world—he clung to heav'n,
And still'd the deep'ning groan.

His eye obscure roll'd oure the void;
His hand was lifted high;
Devotion strengthen'd the fail'd voice,
And wing'd the mingling sigh.

Ah! cried he, why should I look back;
What can return to me;
Why look I round, there's nought but fills,
My sunken, weary ee!

Lang fourscore years now press my life;
Lang lost's the form divine;
I crawl a cumber on the earth—
Sweet nature am I thine!

Hast thou forgot th' endearing child—
He rose wi' rising years;
Hast thou forgot thy pride in man,
And bade him sink in tears!

The few short years of wished life,
And few they were o' mine—
But O, complain I, Father wise!
A', a' these years were thine.

The shadow then of happier days,
Floats feeble oure my soul;
The gath'ring ills, the numb'ring years,
Thou bade me, Father! thole.

Bitter and deep my dregs o' life,
O mony a year ha'e been;
The wither'd heart, the weak'n'd soul,
Fail in my grief sae keen.

Oh! Oh! relieve me, Father kind!
Reach out thy hand to me;
Give me thy peace in thy cauld grave;
Lift up my soul to Thee!

Auld man, I see thee frail, O frail;
I feel thy feelings here;
Thy life, thy cup, sae often mix'd,
Ha'e baith my sigh and tear.

Thy aged hour's no be alane;
Thy years shall a' be mine;
Nae morsel e'er shall touch my lip,
Till thou hast tasted thine.

I ha'e a Nan will wake thy life;
She'll tent ye a' the day;
Her soothing saft will cleed thy dreams,
And meet the morning ray.

The cauld, stiff, hand was straight in mine;
Wild row'd his streaming ee;
Strong raise the sob, the voice it fail'd;
His white head lean'd on me.

Joy, stranger lang, beam'd oure his face;
A new life seem'd to rise;
He stretch'd him, cheery, on the daice;
The staff neglected lies.

Gladness ance mair play'd round his heart—
He heard the hunter bla',
The hunter wha the desart made,
And tirl'd the bonny ha'.

The waldritch scream, the haggard look,
The lastless smile destroy;
His ee, sunk on the gowan'd turf,
Seeks neither life nor joy.

The struggling passions, far ourestrong,
Did oure the auld man roll;
Lifeless he fell on the green daice;
Sweet mercy met his soul.

END OF VOL. I.

POETRY

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

BY

ROBERT COUPER, M. D. &c.

. . . . . mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia, vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

HORAT.

Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

VIRG.

VOL. II.

INVERNESS:
PRINTED BY J. YOUNG.
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, 31, POULTRY,
LONDON.
1804.

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AN ADDRESS

TO THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

HAIL, Scottish Patriots! hail ye a',
Frae Johnny Groats to London wa',
Proud on my pinion wad I bla',
Your horn o' fame;
Frae Indus' suns to Zembla's sna',
Great be your name!

Ye raise a glorious, greedless, band,
Whan languor, thriftless, chill'd the land,
And poortith spread her shrivell'd hand,
Oure hill and dale;
'And faction's darkling, ruthless, brand,
Made mony pale.

Ye raise, girt for your country's weal,
To Prince and People kind and leal,
To largely see, to deeply feel,
In kindest mood;
To put your finger to the seal,
O' millions' good!

Ye're nae that noisy, troubl'd, gang,
Wha yelp sae loud, and yowl sae lang,
About their ruin'd country's wrang,
And waefu' plight,
A weel claw'd luif whishts the harangue;
Syne a' is right.

Ye're nae that glowring, gabbling, crew,
Who cant o' states, and statesmen too,
And pierce a' Europe at ae view:
Oigh! Oigh! ye're deep!
A cat at Potsdam canna mew,
But mars your sleep.

Ev'n Monsieur lets some things alane;
Our statesman peeps in ilka bane;
A neighbour sets his plough aga'en—
He'll space the riggs;
And he maun chap on ilka stane,
His neighbour biggs.

Wate twa drunk skippers at their prog,
In some man-rotting India bog,
To quarrel oure meridian grog,
Ten envoys gallop;
And haf the warld gets a shog,
Wi' this state-wallop.

Let thae themsells, and siklike vex,
And graine the warld to perplex;
God rattons sends amang our sacks,
Sik things maun be;
Praise frae sik gentles never decks
My muse or me.

Nor praise I them—we start and stare
At ae fauld lip, and manners rare,
The man erect his bosom bare,
In honest pride—
O Addington! how cam ye there—
Lang may ye bide!

Yoursell an host—truth wings your tale,
Frae Amiens' peace, to penny ale;
Mild virtue sometimes will prevail;
But look around,
An honest footstep soon may fail,
On sikken ground.

Thee would I praise—but you, a band,
Whase hearts spread braid your mighty hand,
In comfort, oure a gratefu' land,
It's you I sing;
Wi' you, ye wise! I'd share command,
Ware I a king.

Wi' skill profound, great, ye extend
Your varied pow'r, your varied end;
Sweet promis'd bliss, whare, blythe, ye bend,
Lifts up its sound;
Whare'er your cheering smiles ye send,
It's holy ground.

Sweet on you knowe, the farmer's ha',
Deck'd wi blue slates, the barn and a',
They bid the rain, the wind and sna'
Drive at their will;
He, honest carle, whiffs awa',
Or pries his mill.

Whare nature groan'd in deep despair,
See how his fields look rich and fair,
And pour their fragrance on the air,
'Twas you, ye men!
Your fost'ring hand shed plenty there,
Your voice its ken.

Whare want and wae blear'd the black hut,
See labour's bonny white-wash'd cott;
Stown frae the moor's yon green clad spot,
The bairnies care;
The parents smile on their new lot,
And bless you there.

Whare the deep moss, a growing ill,
Suck'd ilka water, spring, and rill,
And whare the heron's gowked bill,
Grip'd geds a plenty,
The gadsman whistles loud and shill,
'Mang knaps right benty.

And see the mighty mountain side,
Whare riv'n rocks on rocks did ride,
The forest young spreads green and wide,
And wi' its wings
Strives nature's ruins fast to hide—
A crown for kings.

O could a' kings see wi' your eyes,
The cottage in the desert rise,
They'd never blink oure unken'd skies,
For savage fame;
They'd clasp their country, and its ties,
And bide at hame.

Their people's blood wad mae mair gore,
The green grass o' a distant shore;
The gowd sae, spent, wad yellow o'er
Your Highland hills:
And, right, they needna steik the door,
On foreign ills.

But wha'd be canker'd wi' a king;
Wha is't that rusts the mighty spring,
That lifts to heav'n the human wing
And bids man crawl,
An insect vile, in the rude ring,
The wicked scrawl.

Aft maun he trust to ither's een,
To ither's hands, nae mighty clean,
And flatt'ry, ay, that witching quean,
Smirks near a throne;
Chiefs! tak good tent whare ye can lean,
When nations groan.

O try na, bauld, to bruise the mind,
To shape the soul to forms unkind;
The yoke ance fasten'd on the hind,
Creeps steady on;
Soon will't the highest, proudest, bind,
Syne what's a throne!

What is't—a wretched thing o' times,
Wi' follies gilt, and propt wi' crimes;
It's bloody hour dread story chimes—
The man revives;
New bodied virtue forms new climes,
And mankind thrives.

Sae the rare bird that soars sae high,
Years meet him on the westlin sky,
And chill his heart; nae mair he'll try,
His daring flight;
He cowrs his wing, and steiks his eye,
In deadly night.

Life's ember suffers unco throwes—
What will ye, weirdy time, disclose!
Wi' pale blue light it bursts and glows,
A flitting gleam;
A wizzard form right rapid grows,
Faint on the beam.

Frae the red cissels gradual springs,
The bird renew'd; young life he brings;
And, poising on his garish wings,
Baith braid and lang,
Strong up to heav'n he cheery sings,
His gratefu' sang.

Nae sae the throne o' Britain's isles,
By wisdom rear'd on natures piles,
And Britain's love; proud freedom smiles,
Bless'd, oure her plan;
And ilka ermin'd point beguiles,
The waes o' man.

Great, in the vast expanse thou stands,
The dread, the shame o' ither lands,
Around thy sons, proud, pour their bands,
And bid thee rise,
Deck'd by their love, strong by their hands,
Grand on the skies.

High oure a' nations be thou seen;
Lang be thou blest, as lang thou'st been,
Wi George's virtues, George's Queen—
Far be their hour!
It's nae thy purple fills their een,
Nor yet thy pow'r.

It's that blest charm which warms the mind,
And knits the heart to human kind,
Thou aids them there; loose on the wind
Their goodness flies,
And round thee strong thy graces bind,
Dear in their eyes.

On time's braid wing thou lifts them high,
A meteor on a dismal sky;
Princes admire—Ah! could they sigh,
And mark the throne,
Whare people's love, and prince's eye,
Twine fast the zone!

Thou'rt no—O no—a thing o' times,
Wi follies gilt, and propt wi crimes,
Joyous thou hears thy annal'd chimes,
Whare man revives,
And speeds thy blessings oure new lands,
Till mankind thrives.

Ye Patriots! ay we turn to you,
Pride o' the throne! wi' hearts right fu';
Your hands involve the mighty dew,
O' Scotland's pride;
Ye shed it pure and kindly too
Baith far and wide.

On your strong arm, O let us lean;
Let us ay ha'e your fost'ring een;
And let na, as oure aft has been
Our fate to rue,
The trading statesman come atween
Your bairns and you.

Strong times ha'e flash'd red on our eyes;
Strong souls ha'e wander'd frae the skies;
A mighty period, bursting, flies,
And events dread,
Maun oure the vexed warld arise,
Wi' ruthless speed.

Or spring young joy, or gush the tear,
Ye, to your king, your country dear,
Support the man, dread his career,
Lang it may be,
Or ane like Addington appear,
To you and me.

Sae may ye, virtuous Patriots a',
Lang brook the hospitable ha',
And whan auld age begins to thra'
Your weak'ning stride,
On the gay sun-beam sail ye bra',
By Ossian's side.

WAR! WAR!

WAR! WAR!

Is that thy voice, ill-boding War!
Is that again thy flaming car;
Thy bloody banner waving far
The vex'd world o'er?
Red, red's its beam, yon angry star,
On Britain's shore.

Round and around the storm has play'd;
The pow'rs o' man ha'e been betrayed;
The murd'rous ensign proud display'd,
Whare right should charm;
Awhile the bloated brand was stay'd,
By Britain's arm.

O short's the hour o' velvet noon,
While Peace extends her bonny boon;
The olive withers wi' the moon—
What art thou, Man!
Can't ocean'd blood, frae Nimrod down,
Arrest thy han'?

It's nae lang syne—blest was the day—
The bloodless sun stream'd strong his ray;
The arrow's wing was clipp'd away,
Pride's bloody child;
The heart, new strung, renew'd its play,
And mankind smil'd.

Uprow'd the tide o' prosp'rous joy;
Light sung the vane-fann'd cabin boy;
The chieftain strode na to destroy,
Smooth was his cheek;
The weird hags nae mair employ
The cauldron's reek.

Now felt the bard his ancient fire;
The minstrel touch'd with flame the lyre,
Wisdom again sought to inspire
The thoughtless throng;
Religion trimm'd her rent attire,
And rais'd her song.

Then o'er the maiden's face sae clear,
The mother's cheek—forgotten fear—
Outsprang na mair the gushing tear,
When public joy,
Rung dreadfu' on the parent ear—
Safe was the boy.

The bustling town, the busy ha';
The prince sae pleas'd, the hind sae bra';
The air o' happiness o'er a'
Sat saft and mild;
And joy wi' zephyr wing did bla',
Sweet o'er the wild.

But O that day is overcast;
Fell War renews his dreadfu' blast;
The dark blue blade is girding fast,
On ilka side;
The sail swells on the bending mast,
Of Britain's pride.

War's savage son, in dread array,
Has mock'd the lang-wish'd halcyon day;
A trembling warld in mean dismay,
Shrink at his word;
In pride the scabbard's thrown away;
Red, red's his sword.

Foe to the happy, Britain! he
Vows fury's arm on man and thee;
Thy glories darken on his ee,
Thy parent pow'r;
The frenzy'd mortal does na see,
His fated hour.

Rise, warrior sons of ALBION! rise;
Spread high your banners o'er the skies;
God gave the vast, the glorious prize,
Which made you men,
And doom'd it sacred in your eyes,
Till time shall en'.

Rise, gen'rous warriors! rise and shield,
Your virtuous throne, by flood and field,
Your laws which meikle blood has seal'd,
Your altars fair,
Your firesides, your youth, your eild,
Your love, your care!

It's no a frothy statesman's war,
Plung'd for a mistress or a star,
A plunder'd ship, or islet far,
Sits on your sword;
It's whether men like men shall dare,
Or brook a lord.

It's whether mad, bewilder'd, Gaul,
Led by her artfu', murd'rous, Baal,
Your bonny towns and tow'rs inthrall,
And burn your throne;
And clinch around ye, soul and all,
Her iron zone.

It's whether he, blind fortune's boy,
The treason's, poniard's, poison's, joy,
Who high heav'n suffers to destroy
The human race,
Shall deck you a Parisian toy,
High man's disgrace.

He, Bonaparte! nature's rod,
Like Satan and the throne of God,
He, envious, thirsts for freedom's blood,
In Britain's porch—
It's her last hold—he flames abroad,
The murd'rous torch.

Great in their proud, unenvy'd, pow'r,
Red wi' their country's, kindred's, gore,
His legions, savage, press the shore,
Wi' ruthless eyes;
Ye murd'rers! ye return no more,
Or virtue dies.

Rise, ALBION'S WARRIORS, rise and shield,
Your envy'd throne, by flood and field,
Your laws, which virtue's blood has seal'd,
Your altars fair;
Your firesides, your youth, your eild,
Your love, your care!

Erewhile the Gaul of freedom sung;
The welcome peal row'd sweet along;
Admiring nations echo rung,
Up heaven high;
But, O, the feeble anthem hung,
Sick on the sky.

He woo'd—he ken'd na the meek dame,
Her tender heart, her gentle frame;
Wild were his fancies, wild his flame,
Proud his demands;
He like a lawless spoiler came,
Wi' bloody hands.

He woo'd wi' heart sae proud, sae vain,
Unton'd wi' freedom's peacefu' reign;
He woo'd wi' mad distemper'd brain,
The heav'n born maid:
But black the heart, and foul the chain—
She fled dismay'd.

Since, like the demon downwards driv'n,
Forever thrust frae highest heav'n,
Despair th' infuriate wretch has riv'n;
He flounders round;
A while range to his rage is giv'n,
And syne he's bound.

Wi' savage heart, and ruthless hand,
Frae the Red sea, to Baltic's strand,
Each angry judgment o'er the land,
Far, braid, and wide,
He's pour'd; and loveless, fix'd the brand,
In freedom's side.

Affrighted Europe! sits thou down,
Wi' palsy'd armies, riv'n crown,
Wi' rotting manners, sunk renown,
Sick, sick's thy eye;
Thy strength crawls 'neath a tyrant's frown—
O Europe die!

Whare a' thy thrones o' high command,
Thy sceptres, and thy titles grand,
Thy soldier'd strength, and castl'd land,
Thy people strong;
A ruffian robber lifts the hand—
Ye're right, ye're wrong.

Still, ALBION! in thy genial breeze,
Safe bulwark'd in thy roaring seas,
Thy native arm, thy freedom's bleeze,
Thy head thou rears;
Thou smiles at folly's mad decrees,
And a' her spears.

Thou scorns the dark-soul'd, frenzy'd slave,
Not like the man, but savage, brave;
He felt thy arm by Nile's red wave,
Wi' mad surprise;
And thou prepares yon wat'ry grave,
To close his eyes;

To check the madman's reckless rage;
To sweep his glories frae the stage;
To hide his cruel iron age;
Low in the deep;
And bid the monster and his page,
Forgotten sleep.

But whare thy glories, ruthless man!
Thy sword, unceasing, over ran
Ill counsell'd states, thy treason'd plan;
They bled, they fell;
Thy country mourns thy rav'ning han',
Thy wizzard spell.

Thou cruel man! what's in thy ee;
What looks thou for frae man or me;
Whare dwells the blessing sent by thee,
Thou iron son!
If man could fall by thy decree—
His hour is run.

Thou, bloody wretch, born down wi' crimes,
Look'st pale at freedom's beauteous climes;
For her thou fought'st in happier times,
Pride turn'd thy sword—
Now, all that's vile thy soul begrimes,
Thou coward's lord!

Thou, sleepless monster! midnight's sound,
Hurls a' thy cups and daggers round,
Mourns freedom welt'ring on the ground,
In virtue's bow'r;
And tells thy gangren'd heart it's bound
By gold and pow'r.

But, O, when ghosts rise grim and grey,
Thy friends, thy foes, in dread array,
Ev'n thy black soul shrinks, shrinks, away,
Frae a' thy times;
Haggar'd and mad, thou meets the day,
Wi' gath'ring crimes.

And this is he, sons o' the Isle!
Who with his dark, malignant, smile,
Sham'd wi' the thunder's o' the Nile,
Looks o'er the deep;
Thy million'd hosts there, and thy toil,
There will ye sleep.

Rise then, ye sons of Albion! rise,
Dear in fair freedom's beaming eyes,
Wave braid her banner o'er the skies,
Proud be your bands!
O, listen to her sinking cries,
Frae distant lands.

Around your throne, sae lov'd, be strong;
Let ev'ry heart be stout, be young;
In pride roll the red war along,
Back to their shore—
God save the king—sweet be your song,
Your cannon's roar!

I see you, heroes o' the deep!
Wi' thunder's arm the ocean sweep;
The vaunting foe in thousands sleep,
Pale on their shore;
Daughters o' Gaul! lang will ye weep
The dreadfu' hour.

See a' our statesmen, hand in hand,
Pour forth the wisdom o' the land;
See knowledg'd strength, nae rope o' sand,
Gaul's savage jeer;
See Addington a column stand,
To Britain dear!

Rise, heroes! rise, by worlds implor'd;
United counsels guide the sword;
The hours o' crafty, mean discord,
Is past and gone;
Nae mungrel, black-bon'd, selfish hord,
Twine round our throne.

One heart, one voice, one lifted hand,
Frae Thule to the Cornish strand,
Shew to the fiend an armed land,
To virtue dear;
On, Warriors! on, it's heav'n commands,
It's voice ye hear.

On, on; thy bruised breth'ren howl,
Beneath a wretch's angry growl,
The bliss o' man yearns his black soul,
Fool! is thy hand,
Left, thinkest thou, without controul,
To crush the land.

On, on, my Sons! fell vengeance wreak!
See, high o'er heav'n, the fav'ring streak!
And through—with curling, bloody, reek,
Sunk man's release—
The heart of Bonaparte seek
Freedom and Peace.

KYNOPHONTIS

MACGULDROCHIANA.

In Two Cantos.

MACGULDROCHIANA.

Canto First.

MACGULDROCH was his parent's son,
His parent's son was he;
He cam na to the warld unsought,
As Elspet whisper't she.

Three tomonths dark in durance close,
He kicked and he flang;
Whare ware ye, mighty Science, then,
Your son enthrall't sae lang?

Strange signs and wonders mark'd his birth,
About the forty five,
Whan heads o' lords and gentlemen,
Best on a spike could thrive.

His mither grain't—the auld black cat
Litter't a tappit hen,
Wi' yellow spurs lang on her heels,
And spruce she stappit ben:

A craw she-gat'e sae waldritch wild,
Auld lucky in the neuk,
Bade the goodman put by his cap,
And haste and tak the beuk.

Auld Bawty too took in her head,
That she had wark hersell;
And ane and twenty spinnin' snails,
She whalp't at ilka yell.

Hawky ahint the hallan main't,
And routed aft and sair;
A main lang telescope she calf't,
And grane ga'e never mair.

The cock ga'e twa three dreadfu' skirls,
High frae his sooty trees;
The voice, congeal't, fell down a creel
O' bonny bread and cheese.

Auld grumphie ga'e grunts three or four,
And straightway stappit in
Sax bears, seven hurcheons, and a mule,
To greet the babe within.

A wee bit mouse ran thort the floor,
Sair hostin' and sair sneezin',
Till up their came a microscope
Frae its bit strained wizzen.

It pranc't amang the bread and cheese,
And up their legs did speel;
Syne it, the auld cat, and the sow,
Sprang out, and took a reel.

A kail blade buried in the earth,
Raise and cam wiblin' in,
Wi' ilka seed ripe on its ribs,
O' a' kail's kyth and kin.

Meg's rock shot up a laurel green,
Wi' sweetest flow'rs combin'd;
And up the cruick, and randale tree,
The bonny woodbin' twin'd.

Macguldroch press't wi' a' his might
To be amang the lave;
Thrice peep't the sun, and thrice withdrew,
Till Mac gat time to shave.

Ye're welcome, Mac! hech, sik a babe!
His teeth were lang and foul;
Ane wad ha'e sworn, for lack o' food,
H' had eaten haf his soul.

His bonny, various, yeelin' frien's
Cam a' in bourrochs there;
He clap't the head, he stroak't the birse,
The mousie and the bear.

Macguldroch blink't wi sapient ee;
The wives yeisk and adore;
Daft Madge swears that the loon was born,
At least ten times afore.

Tibb snyted Madge's muckle nizz,
Till out the purple sprang;
Macguldroch straight forbade the pley,
And ga'e them a' a sang.

He grew—the great Macguldroch grew,
On butter'd baps and ale;
But strange, wi' a' his perfect gear,
He grew without a tail.

Strong wax'd he in the path o' lear;
What night did hear him snore—
And he could count a million lang
Or Tam could count a score.

He ken't the sun weel frae the moon,
The starns he tied in dizzens,
The turnip frae the cabbage ken't
The peacocks frae the pheasants.

He saw whan wind and rain wad come;
He made a braw check-reel,
On twa trumps bonnily he play'd;
Fouk thought he was the de'il.

Ae night whan sweepin' round the heav'ns,
Wi telescope sae lang,
He saw Mars dance the highland fling,
While Venus leugh and sang.

Ahint a bush he in the moon
Descried a lovin' pair;
Nae bonny lass cam near his cleucks
For aughteen months and mair.

Auld Saturn's beard, sair overgrown,
Twa satillites were clippin';
The draps, like Mont-Blanc, frae his nin
Fell on their fingers nippin'.

He saw a routh o' comrades auld,
In Berenice's hair;
And mony a linsey-wonsey clout,
On Cassiopcia's chair.

Ae day he saw, the car whirl't on,
The sun tak snuff and dine;
A comet brought a roasted earth,
And mony a sea of wine.

Wi' th' axle o' an auld broil't moon
He pick't his teeth, and then
Took t'other pinch, ilk knot that fell
Whirl't round a starn again.

He shot a shot frae auld Monsmeg
Wi elevation pure;
The ball ca'd oure three four bit starns,
And dang Pekin in stour.

He writ a beuk as big's himsell,
Ay and as Euclid clear,
That whan the razor raz'd the beard,
It never touch't the hair.

Sik routh o' lear!—far far his fame,
And mony glories flew;
And high amang the sons o' men,
His bonny fortunes grew.

A gentleman wi' riches blest,
Ga'e him baith meat and claes,
And siller routh, to herd the skies,
And twa three brockit fleas.

And whan the host of heav'n gaed right,
He ay might peepin' be,
To see gin loons slept oure their wark,
Or lassies stealt the tea.

Oure flowin' knowledge, deepest lear,
He at the table shed;
His lifted arm a system stout,
Or sappy haggies bled.

Ae day, haf choak't on fattest tripe,
He bade the Laird perpend,
And he wad shaw him tripes and heels,
Ay to the warld's end.

In bits, like polyps, a huge whang
He cut, sair screw't his mou',
Syne wi' sax whistles, and sev'n f—ts,
Ilk bit trots forth a cow.

Neist twal rams-horns, wild-crook't and rough,
Which Johnny Armstrong sta',
And which for mony a mony year,
Hang on the reeky wa';

He on the table Galvanis't,
Ilk horn took its place;
Dread was the fecht—like has na been
Since days o' Chevy Chace.

An aiken chair baith auld and frail,
And rheumatis't right lang,
He Perkin't, till it took the floor,
And lap, and danc't, and sang.

Wi' Franklin's kite, the fient a cloud,
He left a spark within,
And wi' them, vessels nae oureweet,
Wi' phosph'rus made him blin'.

He Rumfordis't, wi' mukle joy,
Whare ane his skill wad thole,
And spoil't the broth, the beef, and a',
To save a curn o' coal.

He too wad prie the drunken air—
Black was the day I trow;
For that-day-nine-month Jenny's back
Was writhin' like a screw.

Whan frae the eard he upward lift,
His saincted Sunday's ee,
Drumfarline ne'er shaw'd sik a face,
As did Macguldroch he.

He spavy'd back and fore the room,
And grain'd and goggl'd sair—
"Whare now's the horse shoe I brang hame"—
He vow'd revenge and mair.

Down Flavel comes frae stoury skelf,
Wi's middins spritualis'd.
And Bunyan's louping-on-stane too,
Whilk dreich-a—s'd christians heez'd;

And nineteen points, o' gospel whang,
To tie believers breeks;
And Sathan's warld invisible,
He apens and he steeks;

Rough ballads, runkl'd sair, peep'd out,
Amang the beuks sae bra';
Ah! Sathan, bide ye, Guldroch's cleuks
Your haffits weel will claw.

Out owre them a' he cast his ee,
His rullion-hand he spread,
And thumb'd, and thumb'd, the dog-lug'd leaves,
But fient a word he read.

The travails o' the week his soul
Press on wi' troubl'd war;
But elect chiels, and their pet lambs,
May p— across the square.

Wi' haly leuk he ponder'd sair—
But quietly in his pouch
He thumb'd the gowd—O Sathan! ye,
Misleer'd, decoy'd the touch.

He hotch'd, he fidg'd—the foul fiend leugh,
Ay, thinks thou; this will do;
I need na fash wi' castocks here,
Or Hallow-even clew.

He thought o' the sax orphan bairns,
Wha sing at kirks and fairs,
How saft he straik't their curly pows,
And bade them say their pray'rs;

How oure Meg Watt, bed-rid sae lang,
He grain'd and pray'd sae weel—
The shilling crap na frae the pouch,
Nor yet the peck o' meal;

How, ae day, widow'd Tam, gaen hame,
Sair wat his shoon and hose,
Took twa three peat-clods frae the stack,
To mak the weans their brose;

The luckless Tam syne brak a hough—
His bed-strae's on the ground—
Red fever rag'd—the hungry bairns,
Stand, wildly, greeting round;

He looked in—ye see, ye knave,
Your ways are overta'en,
Had ye na stown the Laird's ain peats,
Ye might ha'e gaen your-lane!

The bairns hang on him, greeting sair,
They sab wi' want and wae;
He bids them had a back, young thieves,
Or he their hides wad flay;

How hyne up in the glen he met
Nell linking to the town,
I wyte na how the starns reel'd,
But she gat haf a crown.

Wi' this upspringing frae his chair,
He cries, the Elect reign;
Wha'd mingle Howard and his works,
Wi' Bunyan's sough and graine!

Awa' thou filthy covenant!
Sweet grace and faith be mine!
Cauld fa's the trimly moral talk
Aside the sough divine.

Syne up he lift his voice wi' pith
And sang staves thretty twa
In Bothwell-brig's right noseakip twang;
Then lang his nose did bla'.

Sleep, struggling sair, now steek'd his een,
Though ay he grain'd and pecht;
And aften jingled in his dreams,
The weeks sweet siller fecht.

Vile dreams disturb—he rubs his een,
And syne he taks a dram;
Foul Sathan! ye're ay gaen about;
Ye've made me tyne my dam.

Familiar canting wi' high heav'n,
Twa hours mair did he rave;
Sair-soughing words twin'd out a while,
And graines fill'd up the lave.

His pray'rs, his praise, sufficient ware;
It's a' the chosen ken:
The spritual joy should never girn,
Wi' bootless warks o' men.

The dinner bell rang loud and clear;
We are na a' divine;
Hale frae the table gaed na aught,
And bonny was the wine.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

MACGULDROCHIANA.

Canto Second.

To town the laird and lady went—
Macguldroch a' was thine,
The marbl't ha's and painted bow'rs,
To hen-bauks and the swine.

Stately stap't he east the wa',
And stately stap't he west,
Full fifty years he now had seen,
And few his hours o' rest.

Oure moor and moss, oure hill and dale,
Right tenty was his ee;
And a' the tykes, and a' the town,
Fu' kniefly guided he.

Wow! sair had care beauw't his head,
And plough'd his knotty brow;
And dapplin' on his camseach chin
His thristly honours grew.

Doure thought in linsey-woosey dicht,
Blink't frae his drumly ee;
And pow'r and lear, frae head to feet,
Baith tykes and taylors see.

But castles moulder on the hills,
And hills, they tell, decay;
And, like the mid-day gossamer,
Man's glory flits away.

The laird frae hame, a' was right still,
Nae swankies bick'rin' roun';
A preen drap't frae the highest tow'r,
Was heard oure a' the town.

Furth frae the yett, wi muckle pride,
A brankin' greyhound cam;
And kevil't in his weel fang't jaws,
A gusty bacon ham.

High in the air, wi lugs erect,
The guidly prize he bare;
And scourin' nimbly oure the leys,
He heard the castle rair.

He look't na east, he look't na west,
But pey't alang the fail;
For a' the tykes about the town,
Ware stourin' at his tail.

Arm't wi' the besom at a points,
And he docht swear na mair,
Tam Gulsheoch waddl't oure the green,
Till his auld shanks grew sair.

Oigh! Oigh! the wablin' besom shaft,
Gat Tammy's houghs atween;
And Tammy's honour forthwith lay,
At end lang on the green.

But wae betide th'unsonsy rung!
It met his luckless niz;
And oure his face, and oure the swaird,
The bluidy burnie raise.

Now ellritch din, and screamin' yells,
Through a' the castle rang;
And hungry wames in Rino's lugs
Their left han't blissin's sang.

Wi ruefu' face, and hirplin' trott,
Gash Mistress Jelly cam
Fast through the passage, chirmin' sair,
Alas! my bacon ham.

My bacon ham, my table's pride,
Th' unseely tyke has ta'en;
O Maister Guldroch! speed thy fit,
Or a' our dinner's gane.

Och! Och! my ham, my bonny ham,
Lang beam't thou in my ee;
Wha was't that cur'd thy bonny hip,
Ah, wha was it but me!

The skaith was ane; the nourice now
Heard a' the din o' weirs;
The bairnie in the cradle coost,
Syne caper't wi her feres.

Sae stark, sae fat, sae full o' speed,
She oure the Mistress dang;
And baith outoure the auld blind dog,
They row't and tumbl't lang.

He caught the nourice by the hip,
Syne she essay't to flee,
But oure again on Mistress coup't;
Sair, sair misfuirt was she.

Macguldroch heard this mighty dirr,
And down the stair he cam;
Soon, soon, the tidings rang fu' loud,
O' Rino and the ham.

He ferly't at the fiendlish day,
And troubles o' the lan';
Syne flourishin' his billax sheen,
He coost his coat and ran,

Outoure the leys wi mony a spang
Till he foreran the win';
But, Och! his haste mischiev't his speed—
He ran till he was blin'.

Swith in a sleugh at a' his length
He on his riggin lay;
And deep and sair the bluidy ax,
Had cleft his mickle tae.

O Rino! Rino! loud he roar't,
To thee I was right kin';
Vile scurryvaig, why did ye steal,
The remnant o' my swine!

Weel ken't ye a' the hungry wames,
That ee'd the pat sae rare;
Weel ken't ye whan the swine was gane,
The de'il a flee was there.

But damn't—forgi'e me—greedy tyke,
Though thou hast won the day,
Wi mornin's sun this billax sharp,
Shall lop thy head away.

Och! Och! the tae is streamin' fast.
In troth, e'n this may kill;
Gi'e me till morn there's nae a tyke
Shall ha'e his bluid to spill.

Shame and despair roar't in his hause,
And pain his heart did wring;
While shriller notes, baith lang and loud,
Gar't a' the castle ring.

Sair travail, ancient mistress, this,
A drap or twa does weel;
The nourice skinks the sonsy cup,
And lets Macguldroch squeel.

Sudden high noon was overcast,
And murky night sat down;
The sun and moon at ither's beck't;
Earth's guts seem'd wamblin' roun'.

Like swallows on the steeple tap,
Starns sat on the moon's horn;
The tides ga'ed a' wrang oure the craigs—
I wish we saw the morn.

Kail castocks thumpit through the fog;
Thick show'rs o' turnips fell;
And boil't potatoes flew like stour,
Frae whare they ken't themsell.

Strange lights, frae a' the castle-bow'rs,
Blink't out sae pale and blue;
The doors, though lock't, flapp'd loud and aft,
And red the winnocks grew.

Besoms and telescopes right thrang,
Wi' spits and swords sae sheen,
Majestic through the gateway pass,
And travel oure the green.

Sax flannin sarks, sax gouty shoon,
Cam on the dinsome light;
The brockit fleas, the stockin't lice,
Ware faintin' wi the fright.

A thousand bats scud through the gloom;
A thousand rattons rin;
Taids travel forth at ilka door;
The howlet howls within.

The maukins hirple round the yett;
The tykes they yearn and yowl;
The hoody-craws perch on the porch;
The jackdaws in the bowl.

A thousand pyats chatter round,
Whare lords and lairds ha'e din't;
And cauld-hough't paddocks loudly croak
Whare eager lovers pin't.

Loud, like the bittern in the bog,
Macguldroch moan't his wound;
Hear ye yon sabs—they're unco deep—
His hearts-bluid's on the ground.

He growl't—it troubl't a' the wind—
The sound it fail't and fell—
Nature return'd—Macguldroch sunk,
Wi' a' the waldritch spell.

BENEVOLENCE,

TO

JAMES R. MILLER, Esq.

LONDON.

BENEVOLENCE.

Low to thee, Heav'n! O let me bow,
And pour the single hearted vow;
Thou binds the fillet on Man's brow,
And bids him rise;
Around his heart blyth plays thou, now,
Syne wide's thy skies.

He, led by thee, courts nae renown,
Nor hirples near a tow'r or crown;
For man he lives; and saftly down,
Life's broken vale,
His goodness, dew'd wi' roses roun',
Sweet speeds the gale.

He, son of nature, full of thee,
In humming crowds, or 'neath the tree,
Unheeded, like an angel, he
Move's silent on:
The light'ning heart, the drying ee—
There—there's his throne;

Cauldrife the honest man looks on
The rising and the setting sun;
Duty fills up the task begun;
Nae heart is there;
Age smirks o'er kin, and warld won,
In crimson chair.

The balanc'd thought, the balanc'd deed,
Twine his sma' honours round his head,
Alack! they live—they canna spread—
Right thin's the soil;
Affection never warm'd their bed,
Or sped the toil.

O cousin'd thought! whare shall we lean?
The tribe—the clan—the cottage bein—
Lang knit the knot, weelfelt, weelseen;
Fast fails the tie;
The palsying warld's breath streams in;
Kinn'd embers die.

The orphan wanders o'er the wild;
The patriarch blind speers for his child;
The widow'd matron, broken mild—
Is this the bloom
Blood lang time pour'd—sair, sair defil'd,
Nae far's thy doom.

Chill friendship trims wi' pompous art,
It's lamp to warm the aguish'd heart;
But pale it blinks its feeble part,
Its dubious spell,
Oft will'd delusion—whare thou war't
Death's lip may tell.

Hear thou thy tale frae maiden's song;
Thy motely garb see in the throng;
But whare's thy spirit, yare and young,
Flaming around!
Wha saw it move in joy along
Wi' honours crown'd!

Wha whet the edge of Brutus' sword,
Or fix'd on Pompey's arms the cord!
Yon bosom bolster'd Essex's lord,
Yet bade him die;
In Mary's blood it, murd'rous, gor'd
Life's ev'ry tie.

The great lets down a silken ee
On pale-fac'd misery, and me;
Benevolence seems in the glee;
Proud, proud's the day;
Sae gracious kind, sae courteous he,
Ane needna pray.

The meteor glimmers; faint's the ray;
Another whim fills up the day;
The thought, half-formed dies away,
But wha may chide,
The gowden pow'r, the titl'd sway,
The nation's pride!

Again it glents, yea! and again,
Age coming tries th'araneous chain;
But guilt-born frowns, and proud disdain,
Light up the brow,
Whare kindness thou could never reign,
Nor virtue thou.

Thee charity! sae cramp, sae cauld;
Thy heart in fetters mony fauld,
Or sin or death may overhauld,
But ay thou'rt wise;
Thy brother tholes yon storm sae bauld—
Huge spittals rise!

O weary warld! painfu' thou
Rests on the wae-worn wrinkl'd brow;
O whare shall hope and comfort glow,
When things like these,
In millions spring, in splendour row,
Curse of our days!

Not yet the angry spirit sings,
Who black'nd Sodom's silver springs;
Though aft he trims his flichtering wings,
Or spreads them strong;
Sweet nature yet saft strikes the strings,
And lifts her song.

Benevolence, sweet as the morn,
On ev'ry virtue's plumage born,
Unbarg'ning lifts her plenteous horn,
Yet on the sky;
Lang be't afore thy beam is shorn,
Thy spirit die.

Thou, Miller, who in eddying ways,
In luckless hours, in luckier days,
Far frae the voice o' pride or praise,
With sainted heart,
Thy mite, thy full hand, unseen raise—
A vision's art.

Whence good could come thy heart was yare;
Thou heard the tale of ancient care;
To others' wants thy breast was bare,
Mair than thy ain;
Nae cauldrife friendship shiver'd there,
The warld to hain.

Whare pouchless youth, pensive and blae,
Press'd up life's weary, hopeless, brae,
To rise, to meet a kindlier day,
A milder end;
There was thy arm—ilk clime can say
Here's Miller's friend.

Weel may my heart spring up to thee,
Wi' trembling lip, and wat'ry ee,
Whan angry times sat sair on me,
My James was there;
A father's voice, a mother's knee,
An angel's care.

Let's trust, my James; the sparks alive;
Let's hope ilk heart with thine will strive;
Sink, sink the ground whare villains thrive,
Whare virtue pines;
Heav'n speed the garland millions rive,
And goodness twines.

The Soliloquy

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE MORNING OF HER EXECUTION.

QUEEN MARY'S

SOLILOQUY.

THIS is the morn, on slow and ling'ring wings,
Fate seeks my bow'r, and at my window sings;
My bow'r! long in my dreary dungeon vile,
My tears have woo'd thee, and my boding smile;
The distant sound grows on my list'ning ear,
And angel-minstrels in the choir I hear:
O they approach, and sweet's the solemn sound,
Which, Mary, sings thee to the cold, cold, ground.

Ye ministers of grace, O will ye fly,
My ardent soul to beckon to the sky,
To dry my tears, to bring one welcome day,
And bear my long, long, murder'd life away.
Unconscious pass the moments o'er my mind,
Till, glad, I leave the weary wreck behind;
Though former deeds rise on my pictur'd soul,
And former days strong o'er my mem'ry roll,
Though reason toils, and conscience' dreadful spear,
Probes all my bosom, ev'ry smile and tear,
Yet O, with angry eye, they cannot lour,
To fix one film on Mary's latest hour.
Son of the Cross! O bend thy eye on me;
Eternal love and freedom come with thee!

Ye too are welcome, ministers of crimes,
Ye strong abettors of enormous times!
Who lust for agonizing pow'r and gain,
And weary falsehood's dark, malignant, train;
Who pour alike the blood, the endless sigh—
The God of love permits you, so may I;
For, O, on sooty, and malignant wing,
The long plan'd murder triumphant ye bring,
Which sends your queen despair's unending sigh;
Which sheds my blood, and springs me to the sky—
Ev'n ye are welcome—Mary's closing hour
Courts not the eye of pity or of pow'r;
Alike to her her head rolls streaming round,
Her body tumbling on the gory ground;

Or on the pillow, smooth'd with tears and sighs,
She stretches out her woe-worn limbs and dies:
She trusts, when the long record meets her eye,
Her rest's forever on a blessing sky.

Oh! Oh! I'm cold; chill through my freezing veins,
The monstrous dreg of monstrous suffering drains.
The cloud away, which press'd my soul so long,
Seems still to hover, black with all its wrong.
But look I back! these mouldy walls have been,
The purpl'd palace of a queen-born queen;
Long on my lap has fall'n my frozen breath,
Mix'd with my tears, upbraiding life and death:
For year on year, black, busy demons flew,
Wet with dank vice's pestilential dew,

And sought, envenom'd, the long night and day,
To blast my fame, to take my life away:
A tyrant led, whose blood ran in my veins;
Her head, her heart, the dregs of sorrow drains;
A tyrant's pow'r fell heavy on my head—
Its worst is kindness, and the arrow's sped.

But still ye roll, ye tear-worn eyes of mine;
Thy hold, O nature! checks not heav'ns design;
The deep crap'd block I nailing hear for me;
It's heav'n thy wise, unfathomed decree;
The gleaming ax, reeks in my steady eye;
Still, earth! I heave the tributary sigh.

Can ye yet waken on my passing soul,
Can early loves, and infant feelings roll;

My father's tow'rs, yet brood ye on my mind,
Where all were faithful, and where all were kind;
Ye scenes, O Forth! rewake my infant sigh;
My kindred nobles glisteni n my eye;
And round and round a love-rib'd people's seen,
Proud of their Mary Ban,* their infant queen!
Curs'd be that morn, when idiot-statesmen's eyes,
Saw vacant grandeur in their visions rise;
But not the victim queen, the fated lord,
The friendless friendship of the flaming sword.
Curs'd be that morn—that morn my kingdom fell;
A demon's purpose, and a hag's black spell.

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* *Mary Ban* is an affectionate name given by the Scotch to their beloved queen even to this day. *Ban* in gaelic signifies fair, or in a more general sense beautiful.

Thy name, proud kingdom, vilely pass'd away
Thy throne, thy tombs, fast in their ashes lay:
A scorning nation, prop'd with thee, and thine,
Will bulwark Europe, and forever shine.
I mourn the breeze, I mourn the day serene,
Which sent thee, France, a daughter and a queen.
O little knew I the young heart, and vain,
The hollow statesman, and the courtly train,
Where were ye, angry spirits of the deep!
To lull my slumbers in eternal sleep.
The merchand wealth is scatter'd o'er the shore;
The living castle sinks to rise no more;
The sea-beat sailor's plunged in the main;
But deep's thy cup, thou Mary! hast to drain;

Or on the roaring cliff, or sounding sea,
The hour is short, alas! to all but thee.
Rapt with new joys, the laughing years flew round;
My little feet trode visionary ground.
Soft pleasing smiles, and seeming kindness shone,
The tissued drapery of a varnish'd throne;
Crowns, sceptres, truncheons, pride and beauty's mien;
The peasant's brow, the soldier's blood unseen.
Born to a throne I felt the pleasure less,
But still the round was pleasure in excess.
Short the career; soon fell the gaudy scene,
And clos'd forever on the youngling queen.
Regardless death! thy ruthless arrow flew;
The crimson'd curtain thy dark angels drew;

Thy foot was strong, thou pressed to the throne;
And Mary! Mary! thou art left alone.
The soulless statesman sees thy use no more;
Kind he returns thee to thy native shore;
But the vile wizzard sold thee to thy doom,
A life of suff'ring, and a bloody tomb.
O, had I never left—sit still thou tear—
A doating people, and a kindred dear;
Forgone my tow'rs, my tow'rs of grey renown;
Forgone my hills which health and pleasure crown;
But in my court, though rough, sped honest ease;
Gave virtue's smile the charm alone to please;
Bade courtiers think, and bloodless statesmen feel;
And churchmen love the cross and commonweal.

But, O, these joys were ne'er reserv'd for me;
The patriot hour sunk, Mary, fast on thee.
Who saw thy kind revolving Scottish sun?
Thy turf was cut ere half thy years was run.
Unhappy Mary! long thy royal line
Liv'd rich in fame, and bade a kingdom shine;
But ye, like me, ye sons of high renown,
Your studded coffins follow'd fast the crown;
Ye reign'd, my fathers! few your hours of rest,
The secret steel, or ruffian at your breast.
Ye reign'd, ye fell—O, was't unexpiate crimes,
Or roughest manners of the roughest times?
Your gloomy halls, unlike the fairy scene
Of Scotland's Mary, France's augur'd queen,

Receiv'd me happy from that joyous shore,
But bade me, friendless, look for joy no more.
Soon, soon the dream, the airy vision fell,
Beneath the dark, the unrelenting spell.
Deep fawning statesmen hover'd ever round;
Dark-visag'd churchmen press'd me to the ground,
And, black with crimes, for my devoted life
A guardian brother whets the murd'rous knife.
My doom, O Scotland—thy proud banner tore.—
Was fix'd, relentless, ere I reach'd thy shore
Unhallow'd men, unhallow'd counsels join'd,
A kindred queen with faction vile combin'd,
A kindred queen, in dubious honour born,
The bruised child of obloquy and scorn;

Alas! thy dungeon'd youth wrought nought but rage
And guile, the tutors of thy years and age;
All all combin'd; ye too the frequent sigh,
The pensive moment, and the humid eye,
My youth, with kindness, unsuspicious grown,
Ye all are crimes to hurl me from my throne.
The lust of pow'r might dark-soul'd Murray sway;
A misled people feel a tainted day;
But thou, great queen, with pow'r and honour crown'd,
Thy heart was blacken'd, and thy soul unsound,
Or never never would th'anointed hand,
Have flam'd the torch of treason o'er the land.
Black oft thy prison, Princess, didst thou see
Thy omen'd death, and canst thou think of me.

O who'll bind up the raging jealous soul,
Who dark, vindictive, murd'rous, pow'r control!
Rage wild may fury, perish foes and friends,
But conscience wakes a sound which never ends.
By deepest guile, with thoughtless passion's aid,
To worthless beauty was my heart betray'd.
Love looks not far, and weak its flutt'ring wing,
Its hour unsteady as the morn of spring.
The gaudy rainbow faded on the skies;
Lost to their schemes the victim'd Darnley dies.
Driv'n by their craft he sought my friendless life;
Fall'n by their hands he mark'd th' unequal strife.
Ill-fated youth! the light'ning burst on thee,
But the fell bolt was level'd red at me.

Restless the bloody monster urges on,
And fiend-led presses on my life and throne.
The rushing spirits mingle in his eye,
Which nerve his arm, or at his signal die.
Thou bastard, bloody, chief, could nought appal,
Thy horrid soul, and tell thy tearless fall.
Ill-fated Bothwell! child of Murray's wiles,
My ancient barons poison'd by his smiles;
By fraud, by force, thou murder'd Mary's fame;
Unwitting lord, thy crime was now the same.
Now sicken'd on thee all thy perjur'd band;
Proud wav'd their banners o'er a bloody land.
The trimmed sacrifice was now to shine,
And thy red blood a channel be to mine

On ev'ry hill the treason'd legions shone,
Few few the chiefs around the shaken throne.
And there, ev'n there, a lurking poison lay,
The parent, Langside, of thy fatal day!
O thou dread field! black black thy dismal hour!—
Thou, Solway, clos'd on all my pride and pow'r!
Ah, Mary Ban! thy single heart led on,
And led forever from thy birthright throne.
That queen who leans her heart, her soul, to thee,
That queen, O Mary! thou wilt never see:
Thou'lt feel her triumphs, feel her treach'rous pow'r,
And the red axe close in thy fatal hour.

Th' untainted chief, the priest, by Solway's stream,
Strove to disturb the fascinating dream.

Uplifted hands abjur'd the faithless queen,
And wisdom's lip denounc'd th' inviting scene.
But fate was there; wild roll'd my streaming eye,
On all its honours, or prepar'd to die;
Worn with the woes of butcher'd pow'r and fame,
I sought, O me! my birthright and my name.
A ghostly thing among the crowd appears,
The shapeless ruins of an hundred years,
Her wither'd hands spread trembling to the sky,
The tears fast gushing from her sunken eye,
O Mary, cry'd she, seek thou not yon shore,
For cross that stream, thou'lt never cross it more,
Tomorrow's sun thy prison bars on thee,
Till the grim headsman sets thee, Mary, free.

I plung'd—I pass'd; the angry light'ning flew,
The roaring thunder on the tempest grew;
Creffel and Skiddaw groan'd on Solway's side,
And the dark dungeon clos'd on Mary's pride.
O heaven forever just, I bend to thee,
Could'st thou, severe, heap misery on me!
Did ancient crimes creep in my tinged blood;
Or sprung young guilt green on my infant bud!
My life, my woes, pass on the passing gale,
And all my friendships on the scaffold fail.
May these, if angry angels guard the throne,
With mercy's tears, and Mary's days, atone.
Yet, yet O feel I, on a coast so drear,
No gloomy boding, and no guilty fear;

I look with joy, ye spirits, to that hour,
When the red axe ends time's unsated pow'r.
Yon, yon's the block—I hear the rustling screen,
Which falls forever on an injur'd queen.
I come—life's sable curtain's long been drawn,
The gloomy prison clos'd on Mary Ban.
The dewy walls, the stinted air and sky,
Have broke down life, and sunk the ageless eye;
That face, that form, my nation's love and pride,
Which plung'd the dagger in a rival's side,
That dagger whence unnumber'd ills arose,
My bloated fame, my multiplied woes;
Where are ye, charms! has grief her wrinkles wove,
With strong disease the moulded figure strove?

Affliction brooding on the night and day,
And this her wreath the tress so long and grey!
Alas! my bosom; where, with all thy throes,
My aching brow, O where were your repose:
Thou, child of God, religion, thou wast there,
To bind my wounds, to soothe my frenzy'd care,
Thou bad'st the hour to pass, the dungeon shine,
The soul of peace to be forever mine!

Thou coward queen, foul pride and passions slave,
Dark in thy crimes, for guilt is never brave;
Thou cruel queen, where then thy bloody sword,
Thy well mixt goblet, and thy secret cord;
My death was fix'd in thy rank gory soul,
Long ere my eye saw Solway's waters roll!

Dark, dark in blood, didst thou for coming times,
Spare me a tool for all thy purpos'd crimes,
And when thou wish'd to weed a life away,
Devoted Mary flare in poison'd day!
In her wild efforts for her throne, her life,
The strong, the fear'd, thou mingl'd in the strife;
And the dark plot, the creature of thy fears,
Or fram'd by thee, has wet the Isle with tears;
The best of blood has stain'd thy ruthless hand,
Dark counsels, danger, chill'd thy weary land.
Thy pride, thy lust, have, frontless, brav'd the day;
Thy midnight sword their victims pass'd away;
Ev'n youthy crimes grow with thy glutted days;
And goodness shivers at thy pow'r and praise;

But ev'n thy art, thy cunning's deep control,
Hide not thy wicked pow'r, thy rankl'd soul.
Think, envious queen, the doom is past on thee
By heav'n, which, proud, thou thinks thou'st past on me.
The gate from life, O queen, is mine, is thine;
The beggar's footstep, the long purpl'd line;
There, there no more thy slaves shall screen thy times,
Thy maidens bait thee with thy blasting crimes;
Thy statesmen, groaning, see an angry sky,
Like thee they tremble, and like thee they'll die.
All, all will leave thee, thou unvirtuous queen,
Thy couch abandon'd, and thy pangs unseen;
And if cold duty mark thy closing day,
Thy gnawing soul will chase the form away.

Farewell, thou queen, and may that peace be thine,
Which, cruel, thou refus'd to me and mine.
I come, I come—Almighty Father! thou,
Who, wrap'd in thunder, from mount Sinai's brow,
Bade long lost mankind know thy voice again,
Thy 'mmeasur'd being, and thy endless reign;
And Thou! who from the cross, who from above,
Bequeathed universal peace and love;
I come—my earthly hour's forever gone;
I see the glories of th' Almighty throne;
O gentle Spirit; strong thou points the way,
And the red block begins my gloried day.

INCHSTEVRANNA.

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Ah, Mary! see, the hour is come—
Adieu, ye scenes of dear delight;
Ye joys so pure, farewell—farewell
The happy day, the tranquil night.

To these lov'd rocks, to these lov'd trees,
To Lomond's lakes, a last adieu;
In my fond heart, O what's the scene,
Can e'er obliterate them or you!

My Mary dear! come to my breast,
It leaps, it heaves, it bursts to thee!
Death's hand will never anguish bring,
Like what thy red eye pours on me.

When sep'rate far by cruel fate,
In airy dreams, O visit me!
We'll weep and wander o'er the past;
And mark each hallow'd rock and tree.

On fancy'd waves, in fancy'd glens,
We'll sing the ruddy rising morn;
We'll pant beneath the mid-day sun,
And ev'ning's dew breathe from the thorn.

O Inchstevranna! in thy clouds,
Where nature ev'ry charm bestows
On thy broad side, soothe thou my mind,
And guide my heart to calm repose.

O Mary! had it been my fate.
In glens recluse to live unknown,
This fragrant wood had been my world,
This little turf had been my throne.

When rising morn the dark-brown heath
Adorns with her broad purple beam,
There, where my infant mind outsprung,
We'd wander by the winter stream.

There, free from all the thousand cares,
The feeling heart that pierce and tear,
We'd wear sweet friendship's warmest robe,
Like yon two friends—yon happy pair.

Fast by yon wildly wand'ring brook,
Which weeps the sun's last parting beam,
Sacred to friendship, mountain dear,
We'd rear an altar by thy stream.

Around the laurel's shining leaf,
Around the ivy creeping too,
Should turn the wint'ry chilly blast,
The summer beam, and ev'ning dew,

There with my Mary would I rest,
Sing of thy friendship, sing of thee;
And when time's angry eye withdrew,
The altar'd turf's for thee and me.

But, ah! how painful, how severe!
From all that's dear I must depart!
O Inchstevranna! at thy foot,
I leave a poor, a broken heart.

Farewell, sweet maid!—forbear, ye tears;
Ye hills, ye woods, ye lakes, adieu!
Be thou, my Mary! heav'n's best care—
And think of her that lives in you.

THE

BLUE-GOWN'S STORY.

THE BLUE-GOWN.

May peace be here—O may her blessings all
Smooth o'er your age, and on your children fall;
Long may your song the rosy morning greet,
And suns descending your meek homage meet;
Late be the harvest of your rip'ning years;
And many an eye bedew your grave with tears;
So may your souls a sigh of pity bring,
To bid my wither'd heart with gladness sing.

Once I, like you—how many blessings mine!
Bade life and love o'er all the village shine.
Content dwelt proudly on my earthen floor;
And age and want ne'er trembl'd at my door.
But glory wak'd my secret sigh—she came
With honour, panting, from the fields of fame.
Strong were the pictures these sweet angels drew;
Ev'n this poor Badge beside the Truncheon grew:
Yet, yet I kiss it; though not grand the prize,
It warms my heart, and glistens in my eyes.
Some virtue twinkles in thy feeble ray,
Thou token small of many a bloody day!
In pride I danced to the tented plain;
And braved death in many a hard campaign.

These limbs, not maimed then, the battle sought;
Their scars now tell you how the soldier fought.
But ill it fits him, vaunting, to proclaim
The various deeds which mark his humble fame.
In all my toils, in all my wants and woes,
Thou, lovely Mary! gave my soul repose:
Thine was the heart to feel, the charms to bind
The restless wand'rings of the harrow'd mind.
Ne'er o'er thy face did swelling passions roll;
No sickly cares consum'd thy gentle soul;
All smil'd around thee—war forgot to reign,
And caught the tide of joy in every vein.
Why didst thou leave me, Mary! chide thy skies—
No hand but thine should seal thy soldier's eyes.

Dost thou behold me, Mary!—O, my love!
Alas, far from thee in thy realms above!—
Dost thou behold me, aged, lame, and poor,
A shiv'ring beggar at a bolted door;
Driv'n with the vile to the loath'd sleepless bed;
Spurn'd from my kind, and with the mungrel fed:
O take me hence! let me ascend to thee—
Rid be the world of wretchedness and me!
Forgive my tears—they soon will cease to flow—
My soul sinks hourly 'neath increasing woe.
Time saw my growing pride, and slowly sent
His hoary heralds trembling to my tent.
With grief I felt the ev'n of life draw nigh;
And met its gloom with many a broken sigh;

The patient foe each day new progress gain'd—
Nought but the ruins of a man remain'd.
Tell, ye who feel, how swell'd the soldier's heart,
When he, from all the soldier priz'd, must part,
Could he the sword without a pang resign,
And tearless tremble by the shining line!
My Mary dead! my sword torn from my thigh!
O! on the field could but the vet'ran die!
Could his last breath mix with the cannon's blaze;
His mangl'd body help the mound to raise!
No—fast I fled the sacred field of fame;
And sought my cottage in a Blue-gown's name.
But all was chang'd—no cot, no friend, had I;
Tear follow'd tear, and fill'd my hollow eye.

The world before me; but my limbs no more
Could bear me bounding to a better shore.
Down, down, proud heart! thy bag of crumbs O—see!
And tell the story of the world and thee.—
No peace, no rest, can the poor Blue-gown have,
Till rank the grass bends sighing o'er his grave.
Heav'n be your meed—O let not age complain!
Let not the feeble bend his knee in vain!
Let your bless'd eye one glance of pity bring;
And bid my weary soul with gladness sing.

KINRARA.

KINRARA.

THOU dusky trav'ller of the weary night,
Yon cumbrous cloud awaits thy fading light;
Thy joyless ray hangs trembling o'er the main,
And sickness presses on thy ling'ring train;
Fast thou descends in the dark gloomy west—
O silent sinks thou in thy place of rest!
Behind yon eastern hill, where twilight bends
Doubtful and faint, the purpling dawn ascends;

Stronger and stronger the soft streaks arise,
And ruddy morning-beams o'er all the skies.
Slow from the lake, and up the waving trees
Ascends the mist, and mingles with the breeze;
With weak'ning form it skirts the mountain-rise,
And hangs its filmy fragments on the skies.
'Tis silence all—save where the bird of morn,
Or on the heathy tuft, or spangled thorn,
Shakes the dank dew-drop from his quiv'ring wing,
And eager swells his little throat to sing;
And on a parent's pinion, high in air,
Dissolves in song above his nursling care:—
Save yon faint murmurs of the rippling flood,
And softer murmurs of the rustling wood.

And when yon cock, with shrill infrequent scream,
Strikes on the morn, and breaks the shepherd's dream.
O solemn comes thou, renovating day!
All sweetness marks thy mild, thy onward way;
Thy gradual steps with gradual splendour rise,
And the deep night is lost in brilliant skies.
But stronger still, far o'er yon mountain grey,
Pours thou thy beam, O sun! thy mighty day;
Thy piercing beam which rent the realm of night,
And shades the awful blaze of life and light.
Great in thy might, fast up the various skies,
Solemn and still thy flaming glories rise;
While broad o'er earth thy bounteous hand is spread,
And lifts in rapture wearied Nature's head;

To thy full harp she wakes her dewy train,
And robes them charming for the day again.

Now o'er yon cottage, mantled round with trees,
Slow swells the smoke, and curls along the breeze;
From his heath couch the early shepherd springs,
And, with his dog, along the hill he sings.
The flocks spread bleating o'er the fragrant hill;
The herds low hungry by the grassy rill;
And soft and wild through all the forest long,
The airy minstrels lift their morning song;
While, proudly rolling through the varying scene,
Through rocks reluctant, and through glens so green,
The Spey conjoins her deep, her growing voice,
And men and angels on her banks rejoice.

To crown the scene, to crown the charms of day,
Fair of Kinrara, on the sounding Spey!
Are thus thy steps so early on the dew,
And swells he his wild voice, yon thrush, for you?
Is't all for thee, the glen, the brook, so fair,
The woods Arabian on the desert air,
The hills, the rocks, beyond a painter's hand,
A fairy picture in a fairy land;
A people living in an angel's eye,
An host for friendship, or an host to die;
O 'tis for thee—all hail, a soul like thine,
Which in the desert or the court can shine;
Which, strong in worth, will shape its steady way,
And stamp on crime-worn time primeval day;

Elinora, hail! be grateful all to thee!
As thou art bounteous to the world and me!
O seeks thou here, where witching nature sports,
Far from the gazing world and pomp of courts,
To nurse thy mind, within thy ivy'd bow'r,
And give to reason, reason's pride and pow'r;
To set wild fancy on a seraph's wing,
And clothe the passions with the buds of spring;
To fix thy soul, long in a sick'ning world,
Of follies varied, or by fashion whirl'd;
And with a lifted eye, and soul sincere,
In purest rapture dart beyond the sphere.
Here then, Elinora! be thy blest abode,
Where bards have walk'd the song, where saints have trode,

Here be thou happy—here thy angel shines,
And all thy paths with flow'rs and foliage twines;
And down the bank, or by the shady tree,
Each gentle genius graceful bends to thee.

These are the halls where Ossian rais'd the song;
These are the hills where Fingal pour'd along,
Great in the chace; or with the flaming sword,
Press'd to the ground proud Lochlin's bloody lord;
And on yon cloud, perhaps Malvina lies,
Thy kindred genius on the earth or skies.
Here from his mist will Kaimes thy footsteps tend,
Thy early favourite, thy unvarying friend;
And Burns, lost Burns! his tribute too will bring,
No peacock's feather on a lav'rock's wing;

The cloud which wafts him from the highest skies,
Will pour a thousand bards before thy eyes;
Their three blind chiefs will touch th' harmonious string,
And thee and thine th'enraptur'd host will sing.
Haunts of their time, their long forgotten joys,
Will lift to heav'n their dread aerial voice.
Proud spirits hover round the fair; and long
May you and she light up my duteous song.
Long round Kinrara may her beauties shine,
And every heart live in a wish like mine;
And long and long our wilds so simple claim
Her gentle virtues, and her august name!
Here antient times prevail o'er all the land;
Pure, as just smoothed by a patriarch's hand:

Vice strides not here with fearless, frontless, face,
Nor sits presumptuous in meek virtue's place:
Guile lifts not up the smooth, the varnish'd head,
To cheat the living, and to bloat the dead:
Here blinks not round, the dark, th' insidious eye,
Nor swells the dubious uninviting sigh!
Its ermine trims not pride, with palsy'd hand,
Nor waves fell faction her devouring brand:
Nor war, the scourge of God, the pride of kings,
Comes here all bloody on a statesman's wings.
No—all that's best awaits Elmora here,
And joy shall lead thee through the circling year;
Health's downy finger ope thy morning eye,
And calm content let down thy evening sky;

Suns after suns, thy happiness shall see,

And all the forest join in song with me.

GLENFIDDICH.

GLENFIDDICH.

Far in the glen where winding Fiddich brings
Her streams, mild rippling, from a thousand springs;
Where taste and fancy by the mount or rill,
Court nature smiling from the sunny hill;
Where from the world, in sweet retirement lost,
The great and good, the glen and cottage boast,
Matilda wander'd: O'er the mingled scene,
In rapture giddy, or in joy serene,

She wander'd till the high unbroken ray,
Half-sick'ning, wanton'd on the rosy way;
Till all the pow'r of varied charms was gone,
And sated fancy languish'd on her throne.

Then to the shade, reluctant, she withdrew,
Where the trim birch exhal'd its fragrant dew;
Panting, she courts the feeble, wand'ring, wind,
Her weary steps leave all the world behind;
There, listless, musing on the hills and skies,
Unnotic'd sleep soon clos'd her weary eyes.

The faded vision to her dreams returns,
And all the landscape now in splendour burns.
The hill, the vale, the lake, the rock, the tree,
Crowd on her soul, in all their majesty.

Creative fancy now unfetter'd reigns,
And ancient heroes cover all the plains:
O'er ev'ry hill the fleeting spirits fly
On low hung clouds, or glide along the sky.
Before the maid the form of Ossian stands;
The airy harp still grac'd his airy hands;
Around the chief, in dignity and ease,
His misty garment floated on the breeze;
Half hid in olive, by the murm'ring streams,
His unstain'd armour in the vapour gleams;
On the light cloud, the fair Malvina lies,
And solemn music swells through all the skies.
Majestic stood the venerable shade,
And thus address'd the high-born beauteous maid:

Star of the morning! from the sounding shores
Of Spey, re-echoing through thy lofty tow'rs;
Where, bright and blooming, joy for ever reigns,
And summer's rosy finger paints the plains.
Com'st thou, in all thy beauty, to the vale,
Where Fiddich murmurs to the sighing gale?
Canst thou abandon, to thy sister-loves,
Thy festive halls, and all thy charming groves?
Can thy soft heart forego the doating eye,
The struggling transport, and the rising sigh,
And in the desert, in thy tender form,
Meet the red light'ning, and the gath'ring storm?
Can thy lone cott, fast by the roaring stream,
Where the rude rock hangs glittering in the beam,

Where undisturb'd the bounding roebuck reigns,
And the grim owl through all the night complains;
Can yon lone cott the fair Matilda hide?
In its dark bosom can thy soul reside!
Will not the howling in the secret cave,
The gloomy ghost, that guards the ancient grave,
The dreary forms which future times disclose,
Haunt thy young dreams, and sicken thy repose!
And will the morn on broken clouds dispel,
The deep sunk sorrow of the gloomy cell?
Will thy sad heart in bounding rapture rise,
In the drear vale, o'erhung with bursting skies?
No—gentle spirit of the distant grove,
The sacred seat of innocence and love;

Mild bloom of nature, Thou! her darling care,
Where thousands charm us, and where all are fair.
Child of that fair, who, radiant from the sky,
Commands the heart, and fascinates the eye;
Whose soul, great on a wild, declining age,
Shines with the brilliant, strengthens with the sage;
To thee, the sacred host of Fiddich bend;
To thee, the bards their choicest incense send;
Warm from the heart, the songs of Ossian rise,
And softest music warbles through the skies.
Hail, fair Matilda! all thy virtues, hail,
Thou lovely daughter of the silent vale;
For thee, proud nature lifts her chearful voice,
For thee, the children of the wild rejoice;

Around thy steps shall laughing summer play;
No dreary cloud shall chill thy rising day.
Hid in his blast, shall troubled winter fly,
And no dark meteor vex the silky sky;
The sighing breeze shall fragrant odours yield,
And ev'ry plant shall bloom on every field.
Unaw'd, and graceful, on the sunny hill,
Or lightly sporting by the wand'ring rill,
To soothe thy soul, and charm thy lonely way,
The social stag and bounding roe shall play.
And when the ev'n, in languid mist array'd,
Steals o'er the vale, and all its beauties fade,
The peaceful cott shall glad thy weary eyes,
And in thy hall the songs of love shall rise.

Around thy rest, shall Ossian softly sing,
And Ullin's finger sweep the trembling string,
Till ruddy morning, on the eastern ray,
Again invite thee to the charms of day.

But, O my fairest! that dark morn I see,
When G——n C——e languishes for thee.
I hear the voice, which chides thy lingering stay:
I see the heart that wishes thee away;
I see dim horror gathering in the vale,
And sadd'ning sighs soft floating on the gale.
Bleak on yon hill, see withering winter stands,
Compress'd, the tempest struggles in his hands;
Sullen he waits, and when thou leav'st the vale,
Will his black blasts the gentle breeze assail:

Unaw'd, he'll launch red ruin o'er the land,
And weeping nature shrink beneath his hand.

Wilt thou, then, leave us? canst not thou remain,
The beauteous honour of our winding plain!
Must the proud hill forget its brightest morn?
No more our forests thy mild charms adorn?
Must Ossian's cloud in mournful silence rise,
And, sad and solemn, wander o'er the skies?

But be thou happy, be thou greatly blest,
In east's gay glory, or the gloomy west:
For ever round thee may thy honours shine,
Pure as thy heart, and as thy form, divine:
May thy mild worth a sinking people save,
And may thy friendships moulder in the grave:

Long may thy virtues gild thy noble name,
And dear and boundless be thy growing fame:
And when gray time shall raise thee to the skies,
May gladd'ning ghosts along with thee arise!

So spake the bard—O, deep and loud, his sigh
Spread through the leaning minstrels of the sky;
So spake the bard, and to the realms of day,
He rose majestic on his bending ray.

BLAIRNAHOISKAN.

BLAIRNAHOISKAN.

COME, sober Eve! in thy dun mantle clad,
The rose and poppy nodding on thy head;
Come, gentle nymph! and, laughing by thy side,
Bring toil's blythe daughters, and yon blyther bride.
Light o'er the hill the skipping younkers see,
And the blind minstrel pipes for them and thee.
Ye happy children of the harden'd hand,
Where virtue emulates, and hearts command;

Yours was dank morning's finger, red and chill,
On the rough field, or by the meadowy rill;
Yours, when the sun shot down his mid-day beam,
The scarlet cheek, or the half sleepless dream;
And yours, sweet souls! the ev'ning hour so long,
Not met with murmurs, but with joy and song.
Yours too, 'tis yours, the nation's strength and pride,
Though wealth and splendour wallow at your side.
O give us, Heav'n! to work, to walk with these,
To laugh and sing, to frolic, and to please:
Give us the single heart, the simple eye;
Give us like them to live, like them to die.
Sweet Eve! then blythsome, cheery, lead along
Thy children's airy dance, and social song;

Trim the loose lock, which labour could not see,
And trim the garment spread to toil and thee;
From their young brows, care's traces rub away;
Sweet be the rising, and the setting day.
On their smooth cheek, and from their beaming eye,
Bid toil's young pastime shine, and troubles fly;
And when dead night, in darkest mantle drest,
Marks out, long welcome, their sweet place of rest,
Shed thou thy influence o'er their heavy eyes,
Till morning's beam, and morning's joys arise.
Nought fills your veins with idle fancied woes;
Children of nature, sweet be your repose!
Now Eve! thy honours fast are driving on,
Thy mantle's spreading to the setting sun.

Mix't o'er thy head sits the unorder'd sky,
And waits the lifting of thy chast'ning eye.
Sweet Eve! thy breath, rich from the forest, flies,
Loaded with dew, and odours as they rise.
It passes gently o'er the lake and trees,
And scarcely forms the wanton, wand'ring breeze;
Lightly it skims the many-colour'd scene,
And kisses soft the daisy on the green;
Wilt thou too, gentle breeze! thus die away,
And leave the nameless remnant of the day?
Still, and majestic, on, yon river moves,
Through ample fields, and long long whisp'ring groves:
The sailing cloud, the flitting sky-tints grace
The sun-beam sinking on thy trembling face:

The hum of ev'n blends with thy solemn sound,
And spreads a deep'ning, awful, stillness round.
High on thy bank, the patient angler stands,
The rod half anxious waving in his hands,
The murd'rous net shoots o'er thy murm'ring face,
Ah! dead's thy children in its dire embrace;
With all thy honours brooding on thy side,
Proud rolls thou, river! through the roaring tide.
O smooth and still, the vasty ocean lies,
A dread expanse beneath the tissued skies.
No idle waste, a setting sun to hide,
Nor low'ring waves for monsters' wieldless pride;
No chaos rude, to shock the active mind;
Wisdom rides equal on the waves and wind.

Proud in thy arms, the busy merchant throws
His life, his hope, his happiness, and woes;
To thee, the good of nations, and the gale,
He trusts devoutly in his ample sail;
To thee he looks, with all thy frenzied face,
For well-earn'd riches, and an honour'd race.
Proud on thy bosom sits the jovial tar,
Best son of peace, or strongest arm of war:
His pipe decoys the merchant's hour away,
His soul in battle rides on Britain's ray:
Right and erect, he bids his islands be,
Freedom! with commerce, children dear to thee.

Grand, by yon mountain's skirt, with dying gale,
Queen of the waves! thou peers thy broad'ning sail,

A mighty castle; stately moves thou on,
Thy wings all shining to the setting sun.
At times, the thunder blazes from thy side,
And earth and ocean tremble, far and wide:
Thy convoy follows, scatt'ring o'er the seas,
Pressing the groaning wave, and weaken'd breeze;
Majestic moves thou, proud thy banners flee,
As if old ocean had been form'd for thee.
I bless thy pow'r, I hail thy honest pride,
And safe I slumber by thy mighty side.
Peerless long move thou on from pole to pole;
From east to west long may thy thunders roll;
Mix thou thy blood with the red roaring sea,
For Britain's glory lives alone with thee.

Ah! could each Briton think so, then no more,
Our useless blood would wet a foreign shore;
Then would the sword shine only on the main,
Where Britons perish, or where Britons reign.
But twilight edges on: father of day!
No longer thine, the strong commanding ray:
Like life's last taper, weak it trembles round,
Blinks on the cloud, or dies upon the ground.
The landscape blends confusion on the eye;
The ruin'd tow'r enlarges on the sky;
The varying tints feed fancy's idle hour;
And ghosts and dreams ride on the water's roar;
The breeze, so still and weak, scarce wafts along
The spirit's feeble voice, or forest's song.

Now is thy hour, sweet elfin knight! 'tis she,
Thy frolic reign, kind twilight, lends to thee.
Sweet elfin knight! this nameless hour is thine,
No sun, no moon, disturbing thee will shine,
Or in the blazing cave, or on the green,
Thy green-rob'd legions frolicsome convene,
Pour the wild song upon the wand'ring breeze,
And trip it, gentle fairies!—Strait the trees
Deep and wild rustling make; pale lights fly round;
Unfancied horror feels the quaking ground;
Unusual forms teem in the lurid sky,
And Pharaoh's chariots seem proud whirling by.
Sudden in awful pause—then, soft and still,
From the deep bosom of the heath-clad hill,

Around th' enchanting voice of music rose,
Gradual and full it on the ev'ning grows.
A glare of light bursts from its rending side,
And through the darkness twinkles far and wide.
The elfin people trip in wildest maze,
Light and fantastic, round th' enchanted blaze;
Of frolic what's in land, or sea, or air,
Ye gentle sprites! sublime ye had it there.
But who so tall trips round the flaming tree?
Thou long lost Helen—Helen, is it thee!
Come, Helen, come—the strong enchantment fell,
A human voice destroy'd the potent spell.
Deep darkness for an instant tumbled round,
And Helen, stun'd, fell lifeless on the ground;

But sober twilight reassum'd her reign,
And trembling life came to her lip again.
Where art thou, Edward! whither art thou stray'd,
And left thy Helen! cried the weeping maid.
To-day thou told me, winnowing at the mill,
At even thou'dst met me by this little hill.
Dost thou, because some strange enchanting song
Detain'd thy Helen half an hour too long;
Dost thou bring anguish on a heart like mine,
When life, and love, and plighted faith were thine.
O Edward, love!—'Tween and the glimm'ring skies,
A hideous spectre sudden seem'd to rise.
On the hill side it seem'd a moving tree;
Soon stood it frighful by the maid and me.

His hair, his beard, broad floating on the wind,
Half hid the human form; a vagrant mind,
Inur'd to grief, his ragged blanket trimm'd,
And fast the tear his staring eye bedimm'd.
He spoke—the mystic charm, the scen'ry fell,
As oft the fairies sing, and lovers tell.
He spoke; pale in his arms the maiden lies;
Soft is the whisper, many are the sighs:
Where wert thou, Edward! could some moments move
Thy gentle heart to doubt thy Helen's love!
Why this attire to mock my destin'd doom,
O bear me, bear me! to the op'ning tomb!
Edward, astonish'd—five long years are past,
Five thousand are they to my woe-worn breast;

Five years this moment, since thy Edward dear
In rapture flew to meet his Helen here.
But, ah! she came not; hours and days past on,
And with the rising and the setting sun,
My restless steps trac'd all the country round,
But no where, no where, was my Helen found.
The neighbours round began in hints to say,
My ruthless hand had ta'en thy life away.
My grief they call'd remorse, which dreadful prest
Atrocious life scarce ling'ring in my breast.
Distress'd, distracted, fast and far I fled,
Nought but the skies e'er mantl'd o'er my head.
Oft in my restless wand'rings came I here,
To pour the frequent, unavailing, tear;

Oft I invoked ev'n thy shade in vain;
But heav'n has join'd our devious paths again.
But where, love, hast thou been? end my alarms!
Why fled'st thou, Helen, from thy Edward's arms!
What madd'ning frenzy, said the weeping maid,
What idle mockery triumphs in thy head?
Why this fantastic habit, why these moans,
Thy five years wand'rings, and thy sighs and groans?
Not half an hour have I been by the hill,
Rapt with uncommon sounds, uncommon skill;
Didst thou not hear them, faithful Edgar! say,
'Tis but this moment they have died away.
I told my tale—night lessen'd not our dread;
So to the village hastily we sped.

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

LUCKLESS the youth who pines in love,
And is not lov'd again;
Doubtful and distant bliss he hides,
While wrung with present pain.

No soft return bids passion bloom;
No smile, his heart to heat;
No sorrow, no, nor friendly tear,
Sweet softens down his fate.

A giddy world, with thoughtless soul,
Laughs at his fading eye;
And folly points the tombstone, where
A broken heart must lie.

The low-hung cloud along the heav'n,
His faithful vespers sweeps:
O could ye, fairies, in your ring,
Laugh round him as he weeps!

Sweet echo heard the oft-told tale,
Pierce deep the dark'ning sky:
To me was left the votive song,
For echo let it die.

For oft, when midnight shields the earth,
To me thy soul returns;
And sadly sighing o'er thy fate,
In tend'rest accents mourns.

"Come night, eternal night, and hide
My sorrows and my cares;
In thy dun robe for ever bind
A lover's hopes and fears.

"Let Cathrine's form no more pervade
This hapless breast of mine;
Yet may the maid, in all her charms
And beauty, ever shine!

" Long have my weary wand'ring eyes
Surrounding scenes survey'd;
But fancy warps the visual ray,
And still presents the maid.

" In ev'ry crowd the various charms,
Of love and life I see;
The jaded mind returns, and finds
Each various charm in thee.

" Thine is the eye, and thine the heart,
To bind the giddy youth;
And dash'd deceit before thee shrinks,
To leave the heart to truth.

" Before thy altar, beauteous maid!
A meek adorer lies;
And fervent wishes, sacred thoughts,
Around the censer rise.

" The holy hermit, in his cell,
With all his virtue, sends
No purer off'ring to the throne;
Nor with more rev'rence bends.

" But what avails th' enraptur'd heart,
Or what the soul sincere?
Despair may in my bosom rage,
And sorrow rankle there.

" For fortune, with her dimpl'd cheek,
And laughter-loving eyes,
Pour'd no rich honours in my cup,
Scarce bade the wretched rise.

" Alone, unheeded, down the tide,
The luckless youth may swim;
No swelling heart will reach the hand,
To raise him from the stream.

" Soon will the fates unrobe my soul,
And bid its fetters fly,
When clouds tumultuous, bursting, shall
Disclose a fairer sky."

And soon the fates unrob'd his soul;
His gentle spirit fled;
And the first lover, the first friend,
Lay number'd with the dead.

Wet is my cheek, weak is my heart,
I see thee on the sky;
Proud, round thee, on the airy cloud,
Ten thousand spirits fly.

CASTLE GRANT.

CASTLE GRANT.

O Castle Grant! thy bonny tow'rs
Shine o'er thy forests wide;
And Spey her roaring waters pours,
Fast by thy rocking side.

Thy western hills the morning sun,
Tints wi' his purple ray;
And, gloaming o'er thy eastern glens,
Pours braid her robe sae grey.

Nae mair sits in the armour'd hall,
The proud, the stalwart lord;
Nor threat'ning far around thy yett,
Flames high the bluidy sword.

Nae mair, within thy painted bow'rs,
The stately dame is seen;
Nor stain the vassals bluidy steps,
The bonny velvet green.

Now far and near th' unfurrow'd face,
Smiles o'er the hill and dale;
The lowing stalls meet the grey cock;
The gowan cleeds the vale.

The laughing lassie, by the stook,
She meets the laddie dear;
And trembling age leans on his staff,
Alang the burn sae clear.

O Castle Grant! thy bonny tow'rs
Far meet the langing eye;
Wide is thy yett, when dawning peeps,
When shuts the ev'ning sky.

Wi' gentlest heart, and openest hand,
Thy gen'rous chief he pours
Unstinted plenty, unmix'd joy,
Through a' thy ha's and bow'rs.

And safter still thy Lady fair,
And beauteous daughters, twine
The rosy garland that gives peace
To ev'ry brow but mine.

Nae courtly pride there chills the heart;
Nae lip to laugh and lie;
Grace decks the forms which nature trimm'd,
And truth sits singing by.

O I'll awa to Castle Grant,
And pu' the birk sae fine;
I'll see the rich rich social board,
And the red red social wine.

O I'll awa to Castle Grant,

And pu' the rose sae fair;

I'll see good beam frae beauty's eye—

I'll see my Anna there.

THE CUMMYNGE.

THE CUMMYNGE.

The cruel Cummynge's bluidy sword
Hang sindle in his ha';
The minstrel's voice was never heard,
Within his castle wa'.

A' day at Rivvan howlets screicht,
And flapt around the tow'rs;
And midnight mirk, a thousand ghosts
Rais'd in its painted bow'rs.

Haf-sham'd it shaw'd its lofty tow'rs,
Amang the shrinking trees;
Haf-sham'd the darksome rowan reek,
Fell mantling on the breeze.

The baron on a milk-white steed,
Whose huifs misken'd the ground,
In proudest guise prane'd o'er the hills,
And gart the glens resound.

By yon burnside, whare the sweet birk
Perfumes the sunny brae,
The loosesome Helen there he met,
Sae fair, sae young and gay.

'Whare gang ye, Helen, through the woods?
Your lane ye should na be;
The adder lurketh by the burn—
The wild boar by the tree.

'Whare gang ye, Helen, maiden fair?
O saft's thy bonny ee;
That face in Rivvan ay should shine;
O turn, and come wi' me.

'The gowd in Rivvan's stately ha's,
The pride shall a be thine;
And the bonniest lass on Spey's sweet banks
Shall bless thir arms o' mine.

'Turn, turn thee, Helen, sweetest maid,
O turn and come wi' me,
The boldest chieftain o' the north,
Stoops a' his pride to thee!'

"O na, O na, ye stalwart chief!
War Rivvan's lord a king,
In Rivvan's bonny painted bow'rs,
Shall Helen never sing.

"Short bluims the maiden in your ha's:
Whan dried your bluidy sword!
Whare dwell the ghosts o' maidens fair,
Wha blest dark Rivvan's lord?

"Awa, awa, thou dreadfu' chief!
Thou lord o' gloomy fame!
My heart dies in my lab'ring breast;
O let me, let me, hame!"

"Proud dame, wi' scorn meet ye my love;
Dark am I in your ee?
Come to my ha', or on this spear
Thy head shall gang wi' me.

"'Shall Rivvan's chief, whase lifted sword
Ne'er fell aside a foe,
Shall he woo Helen by the burn,
And hame without her gae?"

Red fury glented frae his ee;
He dragg'd her o'er the plain;
And streaming tears, and deepest sighs,
Sought Cummynge's soul in vain.

"O Cummynge, Cummynge, spare, O spare!
In peace let Helen die!
At Rivvan's yett the bloody shrowd
Will surely welcome me."

An aged priest, frae Elgin's quair,
Slaw sped alang the wood;
The Cummynge's boist'rous voice he heard;
It never boded good.

"Thou dark-ey'd chief o' Rivvan's ha',
Ills gather in thy soul;
How long must Spey's reluctant glens
Thy bluidy footsteps thole?

"The aged warrior feels thy sword;
The tender maiden fears
Thy stolen steps; and every ee
Thou aft has steept in tears.

"Let Helen gang; her gentle heart
Was never made for thee—
Come, Helen, come, his bluidy arm
It dare na butcher me."

'Wretch! barks thy tongue in Cummynge's woods?'
The furious chief replied,
'Wha bade thee trust my haly arm,
And wha my rage deride?'

Syne high in air his sword it gleam'd;
The priest's bluid sprang around;
But Helen's heart the steel had pierc'd;
Her soul sang through the wound.

'Black be thy fate, thou cursed priest!
Thy bluid has dimm'd my ee;
Could na thy soul freeze on the blast,
And Helen lea'e wi' me?

'Thou'st met thy death; yet Helen's life
Thy red wound wont suffice,
Till Elgin's tow'rs rapt in the flames,
Shall scorch the morning skies.'

The stalwart chief syne blew his horn,
Deers start in ilka glen;
Craigow return'd the echoing blast
Of six score ruthless men.

Round Cummynge clos'd the clouded chiefs;
Their bluidy swords were drawn;
And round proud Elgin's battled tow'rs,
They met the misty dawn.

Out o'er the wa' the Cummynge sped:
Death sat on yon grey hill;
And holy bluid reek'd on his brand,
While there was bluid to spill.

Syne high the flames rag'd all around;
The sacred mansion groan'd;
And Cummynge's march'd to Rivvan's ha',
Nor Helen mair bemoan'd.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

GOUT.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

GOUT.

YEA! Gout! whare came ye limpin' frae?
Whase weel-tormented muckle tae,
Wi' mony curses did ye lea'e,
To rug at mine?
Their lugs, wha helpt ye up the brae,
Soon may they tine!

The devil's sell, frae whare he bikes,
And southers joints as stiff as pikes,
Has helpt you creepin' o'er the dykes,
To this misdeed;
Why did ye sleep, ye lazy tykes,
On midden-head?

They say, whare houghs o' deer and hare,
Whare routh o' wine coups o'er the chair,
Whare sang and laughter rive the air,—
This is nae bleddoch—
Weel like ye, yeeskin', to be there,
Though morn's a head-ach

They say, ye're fain o' laird and lord,
And merchant wi' his weel-lin'd hoard;
Ae tae o' sic could weel afford,
For days and ouks,
To keep you stent at bed and board,
Far frae poor fouks.

Your largest teeth there might ye lair,
And eat as lang as ye could stare,
Syne quaff till morning's yellow hair
Hang o'er the lift.
Wha wad na like but to be there
At sic a tift?

What sorrow then brought ye to me,
Wi' girnin' mou' and glowrin' ee,
Wise for yoursel, why did na ye
Look by the hallan,
And wi' your ain een, ruein', see
A waesome callan?

Ye'd seen a niz cockt like your ain;
A warlock ee, haf hid the stane,
A chin wi' huge expence o' bane;
A blinkin' leuk;
Like Colly's whan sair wet wi' rain,
In the peat neuk.

Nine lyart hairs hing o'er my brow;
Four stragglin' tusks had out my mou';
My carcase is some like a screw,
Weel maun ye tent it;
O let be sic a bonny dow!
Ye'll nae repent it.

See ye my houghs, how hard, how bare,
Some like my granny's elbow chair;
What ha'f-brunt diel wad steal the pair
To limp frae hell?
Then what the mischief brings you there,
Ye ken yoursel.

See ye my feet, O like what else,
They're fifty partons in themsells,
The heel's right learnt, yet never tells,
Whare tae should gang;
Will ye embroil, among sic spells,
Your cursed fang!

Can ye amang a thousand fleas,
Ten fernyears caff, and duddy claise,
Can ye lie down, syne after raise,
Wi' fell intent,
The muckle diel amang my taes,
Me to torment.

Had ye, or ye cam o'er the dale,
Spiert o' my cellars and my ale,
I wyte ye'd heard a bonny tale
O' brown and nappy;
It cam na frae Signora Ehrale,
To mak fouks happy.

Had ance ye peept wi' haf an ee,
In auld aik press, and there to see
O' weel waxt corks but twa or three,
Wad ye been glad?
Wad twa pints whisky you and me
Sing aft to bed?

But pinch na yet just quite sae sair,
Ye'll gar me rug and rive my hair,
And thrash the bairnies in despair,
O bide awee!
Bide till the flannens I prepare;
It's wark for thee.

O had ye in the pantry peept,
And seen the beef sae saut, just steept,
And the poor tyke wha staw it whipt,
Ye'd ne'er again,
In o'er my thrashold, hirplin', creept,
Or I'm mista'en.

O Colly, tyke! had, had aback,
Your slumber there ye maunna tak,
Maun your poor kindness screw the rack,
Yon billy's makin';
Soon soon, I fear, braid on my back,
Ther'll be less crackin'.

Lend me your hand, gout! frae your crutch,
I hope the trouble is na much,
Syne dive it deep in my breek-pouch,
And tell it a';
I'll wad my mither's siller brotch
Ye'll gang awa.

Na faith ye—that's a dev'lish twitch!
Ha'e I nae tauld ye, I'm no rich?
Ye're roastin' at me like a witch—
O let me be!
O Lord confound the gruisome bitch;
I'll surely die.

O bide ye—na—I see your ee—
It bodes mischief and a' to me;
For days and ouks ha'e I to drie,
Nae glass, nae sang;
Syne muckle devil gang wi' thee,
Wha cares how lang!

Now sair ye lie, says Maister Gout,
But yet I winna stap your throat,
But for sax ouks, I'll wad a groat,
At Meldrum-ha',
A bonny yokin' we'se hae o't,
Atween us twa.

Sae, while ye can, gar speed the chaise;
Ye need na heed about your claise;
A routh o' heat, I soon will raise,
Wad scaud the moon;
Syne lie again o' banes and fleas,
Whan we ha'e doone.

TO PAULO.

POOR PAULO.

CAUL', caul' aneath the drappin' buss,
O Paulo! still thou lies;
Deep scrap't the bairns thy wee bit grave,
An' wet it wi' their eyes.

Wi' wond'rous pains, a grassy turf
They frae the border rave,
Their fingers trim't it roun' and roun',
To deck their Paulo's grave.

Wi' mornin's dawn, an' e'ening's dew,
Their little feet are there;
An' aften on the rustlin' buss,
Descends the workin' tear.

Lang look they to the wee bit sod,
Their red red hands had tore;
Lang list they for thy frolic growl,
An' dream thy anticks o'er.

They canna think that dead—O dead!
Thou'rt mingl't wi' the clod;
Mournfu' an' aft they cry on thee;
An' tent the rising sod.

Fain wad they lift the grassy turf,
To see thy icy ee;
Pale horror chills their little hearts,
An' fast an' far they flee.

Mony's their questions o' thy death,
An' sair, an' deep they mourn;
But ay they think it is na sae,
An' greet for thy return.

I too, wi' ha'f deceivin' foot,
An' ha'f averted eye,
Aft pass the little whisp'rin' buss,
Whare thy poor ruins ly.

Nae mair thou tents my mornin' hour,
An' licks my sleepy eyes;
Nae mair thou cheers my e'enin' walk,
An' a' thy gambols tries.

Whan auld an' young aroun' the board,
Wi' joy sat down to dine,
Thy head lay restin' on my knee,
Thy ee was fix't on mine.

The chip sae sma', the dish right bare,
The bane sair pykt an' wee,
Though ilka han' aroun' provok't,
Ware sweetest ay frae me.

But ah! disease met thy wee step;
It never clamb the hill;
A dreadfu' death struck thy young life,
An' low thou lies an' still.

Weeks heard thee groan, and saw thee writhe,
Wi' agonizin' pain;
An' pity shed her kindliest tears,
An' try't her pow'rs in vain.

Caul' lies thou, Paulo! caul', O caul',
Is thy dark dreary bed;
And, nae mair anguish't, 'neath the turf,
O still and low's thy head.

Sure a' is good—that wee bit heart
Sik tortures cou'd na drie,
Was thy last broken breath the last,
O' thy short life an' thee.

Nae angry spirit guides the whole;
Heav'n spreads its wond'rous wing—
The little whelp its waesome death,
May burst its turf, and sing.

ODES AND SONGS.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

All hail, blest Morning! on thy azure throne,
Who, with thy rosy fingers, wet with dew,
Gently withdraws night's studded, dusky, veil,
And holding nature by her purple zone,
Bids all her beauties burst upon the view;
Hail! Mighty Cherub, Hail!

To me, to man, renewed life thou brings;
Creation dances in thy gladd'ning eye;
O could I, little lark! ascend with thee!
Bear thou my incense on thy rustling wings,
And bid the beauteous Cherub of the sky,
Her spirit shed on me!

EDWARD AND ANNIE.

TUNE,

BONNY DUNDEE.

O DARK bursts the storm around my poor cottage,
The ghosts of the night sing dreary and wae;
The scad o' the moon wanders wild thro' the tempest,
The star shivers pale, and far, far's the day.
Ye children of night! deep and strong in my bosom
Ye wake your full pow'rs; O swimming's my ee;
The maid of my love—is she hov'ring among ye—
Return, thou fair spirit, my Annie! to me.

O open the latch, love! O open my Edward!
My winding sheet's thin, and cauld, cauld's yon grave;
O yon scull on my bosom—yon worms crawling o'er me—
I winna gae back, thou thy Annie maun save.
O open the latch, Edward, sair, sair I shiver,
Will morning nae mair break on thee, love! and me;
Ah, it breaks—O it's nosy—does the cauld grave forever
Drop the latchet—no, no—'tween thy Annie and thee.

O no—thou wast kosome—the sigh of the maiden;
Thy heart shed its dew o'er mis'ry and wae;
Thy heart, O my grave! ev'n there my dreams sang thee
O Edward, my Edward! among the cauld clay.

And comes thou, my love! then; yon blue cloud is spreading;
We'll rise—O we'll rise—yon broad beam's for thee;
The grave yields its Annie—the sheeling its Edward—
It's morning forever to thee, love! and me.

We rise—O we rise—what's this in my bosom!
The dream o' the night never wander'd sae strong;
Yon star hides the earth; the broad gates of heav'n
Pour out all their glory, and welcoming song.
O Edward! nae mair shall the grave and the cottage,
At gloming or cockcraw the grey spirit see;
And the care-worn threshold where aft, aft we linger'd,
Shall never hear mair o' thy Annie and thee.

THE FORSAKEN SHEPHERD.

TUNE,

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE sair-hearted Sandy aside the bare tree,
Sat sighing and sabbing, and the tear in his ee;
And though chill blew the blast, and fast fell the snaw,
He sang to the desart his lassie awa'.
O why are ye good, and why are ye fair?
My red swoln ee will see you nae mair;
Ye ha'e left me to weep, and ye ha'e left me to die;
And the lads a' around join in sorrow wi' me.

Nae mair on our hills will thy smiles chace awa'
The deep groan of grief, and the tears as they fa';
The pale furrow'd cheek in its want shall consume;
And the pipe shall be heard nae mair in the broom.
The lasses may sing and dance trim on the green,
When ye, O nae langer, amang them are seen:
The best form o' beauty nae mair shall divide
The bonny young lad and his bonny young bride.

But a' things bring sorrow and sadness to me:
My life drew its spark frae the beam o' thy ee;
Now it fails like the leaves strew'd alang the black burn,
Since my lassie wi' summer nae mair will return.

But ay be thou happy, and the best on the green
May thy bonny laddie ilk morning be seen;
Though I maun lament to the rain and the snaw,
Thy charms and thy goodness forever awa'.

FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE,

CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

Ye mountains sae grey, which hide the blue heavens;
Ye hills green wi' birk, and spangled wi' dew;
Ye rivers which mix your wild voice wi' the morning;
O must I, sweet Highlands! must I bid you adieu!
And thou, in thy forest's sae braid-mantling bosom,
Sweet cottage, whare pleasure and happiness dwell!
Must I, wet wi' tears, my bonny Kinrara!
O must I for ever—can I bid thee farewell!

Farewell then, dear Highlands—O farewell, Kinrara;
Ye sons of the hills, a long, long adieu!
How long your Maria O will ye remember,
Far parted I'll sigh on Kinrara and you.
Bleat on, then, ye lammies; and proud in your forests
Be thy steps, thou gay roe, and thine, bounding deer!
Sweet Spey, on thy banks, and thy far-gathering waters,
May happiness shine, and be mine the last tear.

MY MARY.

TUNE,

THE SILKEN SNOOD.

Now o'er the hill, and on the lough,
The simmer shines sae gairy;
The hunter stens o'er burn and brae,
And I'll gae see my Mary.
Ahint yon knowe I ken she sits;
Her ee peeps by the side o't;
I trow her heart is beating high—
O weel kens mine the bide o't.

O lassie! are ye in my arms!
Is this thy cheek sae looesome!
Is this thy lip! I hear thy heart—
O tak me to thy bosom.
Ye're a' my ain, my bonny dow—
I'll ay be thine my dearie—
And ae fain heart atween us twa',
Shall never never weary.

O GENTLE ZEPHYR.

TUNE,

LUBIN,

O GENTLE Zephyr, simmer's child,
Thou wantons through the rustling wild;
My flushing cheek, my moist'ning ee,
O cooling Zephyr, come and see!
Beat thou in peace, my throbbing heart;
Nor love nor time ha'e flung their dart;
My bosom rises——a' for thee,
O cooling Zephyr, come and see!

I'm weary, weary,—here could I
Sit by the stream saft murm'ring by,
Till ev'ning dew fell dank on me;
O cooling Zephyr, come and see!
Dead swims my eye—my heart—O dear!
What trouble's this—what's a' this steer?
O cooling Zephyr, come and see;
But bring you bonny lad wi' thee.

KINRARA.

TUNE,

NIEL GOW.

RED gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey
Around Kinrara rowan.

Whare art thou, fairest, kindest lass!
Alas wert thou but near me
Thy gentle soul, thy melting heart,
Wad ever ever cheer me!

The lav'rock sings amang the clouds;
The lambs they sport sae cheery;
While I sit weeping by the birk—
O whare art thou my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew;
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, manna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie!

MY GRANNIE O.

TUNE,

MY NANNIE O.

O BRING mair wine, my bonny boy,
Gi'e me the flasks—how many O!
I like my wine—I love my lass—
Sae here's to bonny Nanny O
The wine's sae good—the lass sae fair,
And the day's baith cauld and rainy O,
Fill to the brim, an' ye be leal,
Fill to my bonny Nanny O.

The trinkling wine, fast through the veins,
Spreads life and glee sae canny O,
The rosy lass gilds a' wi' joy—
Sae here'e again to Nanny O.
Drink deep—love fast—unsonsy time
Peers down baith sour an' wanny O,
His trembling han' ca's o'er the glass,
An' we'll a' sleep wi' my granny O.

GEORDY AGAM.*

BLOODY red's the path to glory;
Thick yon banners meet the sky;
O my Geordy, death's before ye,
Turn and hear my boding sigh.
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

* It is singular this highland air fell into Mr Macneil's hands, nearly as it did into mine. L. G. G. when in the highlands, had met with the tune, and asked me to make verses to it. I attempted this, and in allusion to her noble brother, then with his regiment in H—d. A few days after it was written, and to the author's great uneasiness, the news arrived of his being wounded, from which he is not yet recovered.

Turn and see thy tartan plaidy,
Rising o'er my breaking heart;
O my bonny highland laddie,
Wae was I, with thee to part!
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

But thou bleeds—O bleeds thou—beauty!
Swims thy eye in woe and pain;
Child of honour! child of duty!
Shall we never meet again!
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow
Soon thy head shall easy ly ;
Soon upon the sounding billow,
Shall thy war-worn standard fly :
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

Then again thy tartan plaidy,
Then my bosom free from pain,
Shall receive my highland laddie :
Never shall we part again !
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

THE SHEELING.

TUNE,

THE MUCKING O' GEORDY'S BYRE.

O grand bounds the deer o'er the mountain,
And smooth skims the hare o'er the plain;
At noon, the cool shade by the fountain,
Is sweet to the lass and her swain.
The ev'ning sits down dark and dreary;
O yon's the loud joys of the ha';
The laird sings his dogs and his dearie;
O he kens na he's singing ava.

But, O my dear lassie, when wi' thee,
What's the deer and the maukin to me?
The storm souchin' wild drives me to thee,
And the plaid shelters baith me and thee.
The wide warld then may be reeling;
Pride and riches may lift up their ee;
My plaid haps us baith in the sheeling—
That's a' to my lassie and me.

THE LASS O' GARVAMORE.

TUNE,

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER, &c.

An' ye may pu' the birk on Yarrow;
Ye may pu' the rose on Tweed;
An' ye may mourn your lang-wist marrow;
Ye may at Caïro bleed:

Gi'e me Moncrain's saft purple heather;
Spey's sae wild unconstant roar;
My gun—my rod—we're a' thegether—
An' sweet Nell o' Garvamore.

Whan gloamin' comes, an' I am weary
Frae the toilsome bloody hill,
Aneath the birk my lass, nae eirie,
Charms the wild sae calm an' still.

She sings—she looes—sae kind, sae cheery,
She's a' affection o'er and o'er;
Blest be the birk, and blest my dearie,
My sweet lass o' Garvamore.

O'er soon, sweet Night! thy ending glory
Purples o'er the eastlin sky;
O'er soon, strong Sun! thy beam afore ye
Settles on my lassy's eye.

An' maun we part, thou sweetest woman!

Hear ye yon hounds—the dawin's o'er—

Ae kiss—ae sang—we'll meet at gloamin,

Bonny Lass o' Garvamore.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

O mind ye the ewe-bughts, my Marion,
It was there I forgather'd wi' thee;
The sun smil'd sweet oure the mountain,
And saft sough'd the leaf on the tree.

Thou wast fair, thou wast bonny, my Marion,
And looesome thy rising breast-bane;
The dew sat in gems oure thy ringlets
By the thorn when we were alane.

There we lov'd—there thou promis'd, my Marion,
Thy soul—a' thy beauties were mine:
Crouse we skipt to the ha' i' the gloamin'
But few were my slumbers and thine.

Fell war tore me lang frae thee, Marion,
Lang wat'ry and red was my ee;
The pride of the field but inflam'd me,
To return mair worthy of thee.

O ay art thou lovely, my Marion,
Thy heart bounds in kindness to me;
And here, O here is my bosom,
That languish'd, my Marion, for thee.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A', *all*
Aback *away*
Abee, *not to do a thing*, let abee, *let alone.*
Aboon, *above, up.*
Ae, *one.*
Aefauld, *sincere, without guile.*
Aff, *off.*
Afore, *before.*
Aft, *oft.*
Aften, *often.*
Afterhind, *afterwards.*
Ahint, *behind.*
Ain, *own.*
Airt, *quarter of the sky.*
Aith, *oath.*
Aits, *oats.*
Aizle, *a hot cinder or ember.*
Alake, *alas.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaist, *almost.*
Amang, *among.*
Amry, *a cupboard.*
Ance, *or* ains, *once.*
Ane, *one.*
Anew *or* aneugh, *enow or enough.*
Anither, *another.*
Ase, *ashes.*
Asteer, *abroad, stirring.*
Atry, *gloomy, a cankered sore.*
Aught, *eight, possession.*

Auld, *old.*
Ava, *at all.*
Aver *or* aiver, *a poor old horse.*
Awa, *away.*
Awn, *the beard of the barley.*
Awsome, *frightful, terrible.*
Awee, *a little.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Ba', *ball.*
Backet, *a thing to carry out ashes in.*
Badrans, *a cat.*
Bade, *did bide.*
Bagrie, *trash.*
Baid, *staid, endured.*
Bain, *or* bane, *bone.*
Bairn, *a child.*
Ban, *curse.*
Bang, *a sudden effort to strike a severe blow.*
Bangster, *a blusterer.*
Bannock, *a very thick round oat cake, formerly baken before the fire, and leaning to a stone; hence* Bannock-stane.
Barm, *yeast.*
Barefit, *or* barfit, *barefooted.*
Barleyhood, *a drunken angry passion.*
Bauk, *a beam, an unploughed stripe of land between two ridges.*
Bauch, *indifferent in manner.*
Bauld, *bold.*
Bawbee, *a halfpenny.*
Bawsant, *a horse with a white face.*
Bawty, *a dog's name, or rather a general one for dogs.*
Be, to let be, *to give over.*
Bee, *a whim.*
Beizy, *dizzy with drink.*
Bedeen, *immediately, in haste.*
Beit, *to add fuel to the fire.*
Befa', *to befall.*
Begaick, *to beguile.*
Begoud, *began.*
Behint, *behind.*
Beik *or* byke *to bask.*
Beild, *a place of abode, a warm sheltered place.*
Bein, *wealthy, comfortable.*
Beit, *stir, to help, to repair.*
Bape, *oat or barley bread raised with yeast.*

Bek, *a curt'sey.*
Beld, *bald.*
Beltan, *Rood-day.*
Belyve, *by and by.*
Ben, *the inner room.*
Bend, *draught, to drink.*
Bennison, *blessing.*
Bensal, *storm.*
Bent, *field, strong coarse grass.*
Beuk, *a book, baked.*
Bicker, *a wooden dish, a fight among boys, to run.*
Bigg, *barley soaked in water, and the husks beat off in a mortar, called the bigg-stane—in use before milled barley—to build.*
Biggings, *buildings.*
Biggonet, *a linen cap, a coif.*
Billie, *a brother, a familiar address of a friend.*
Binge, *to do obeisance, to fawn.*
Birk, *the birch tree.*
Birl, *to join in the payment of drink.*
Birns, *burnt heath, burdens.*
Birr, *force, flying with a whirring noise.*
Birse, *bruise.*
Bit, *a small thing, nick of time*
Blae, *pale-blue.*
Blastie, *a term of contempt.*
Blastet, *withered, also in contempt.*
Blate, *bashful.*
Blatter, *a rattling noise.*
Blaud, *a large flat piece of any thing.*
Blaw, *to blow.*
Bledoch, *buttermilk.*
Bleer, *watery-eyed, weeping, disease of the eyes.*
Bleeze, *blaze.*
Blinking, *twirling, uncertain light, like will o' wisp.*
Blither, *to talk foolishly.*
Blink, *a little while, a kind look, milk or beer a little soured, glancing light.*
Blinn, *blind, to cease.*
Blirt, *to weep.*
Bluegown, *one of these beggars, who have been soldiers, and who get annually on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.*

Blob, *a drop.*
Bluid, *blood.*
Blutter, *a stupid fellow.*
Boak, boke *or* bock, *to retch, to vomit.*
Boal *or* bole, *a small press in the wall.*
Bobbit, *danced, curtesied.*
Bodle, *a small coin.*
Bonnie, bonny, *handsome, beautiful.*
Boord, *a board, a table.*
Boss, *empty, hollow.*
Bossy, *a turned timber dish, a bottle* O.
Bouk, *the carcase, bulk.*
Bouze, *to drink much.*
Bowkail, *cabbage.*
Bowdend, *swelled like the stomach after meat.*
Bower, *chamber.*
Bow't, *bent, crooked.*
Brae, *a declivity, sloping side of a small hill.*
Braid, *broad.*
Braird *or* brier, *the first sprouting of corn.*
Braichens *or* brakens, *fern.*
Brainge, *forcible action with noise.*
Brain'd, *killed, much hurt.*
Brander, *a gridiron of ribs.*
Brankin, *prancing.*
Branks, *a kind of bridle for country horses.*
Brany, *a mixed brownish red colour in cattle.*
Brash, *a sudden illness.*
Brats, *rags, a contemptuous name for children.*
Braw, *fine, gaudy.*
Breeks, *breeches.*
Breastit, *sprung forward.*
Breist, *bruised.*
Brent, *high, round and smooth.*
Brenn, *to burn.*
Brie, *juice, liquid.*
Brig, *a bridge.*
Briss, *to press.*
Broach, *a clasp.*
Brock, *a badger.*
Brogue, *a trick.*
Brochen, *gruel with honey and milk, and sometimes spirits in it.*
Brooe, *broth, soup, (two oo's sound like the French* u, *or, in the North, like the English* ee.)

Brooes *or* broose, *a race at a wedding who shall first reach the bridegroom's after the marriage,—to be first at the broth or dinner*—tak your broth, *the same as an invitation to dinner.*

Broddit, *spurred, pricked.*

Brook *or* bruik, *enjoy.*

Browden, *fond,*

Brownie, *a bobgoblin supposed to work by night.*

Browster, *a brewer.*

Bruilzie *or* bruliment, *a squabble among severals.*

Bruckle, *brittle.*

Buik, *baked, a book.*

Buff, *nonsense.*

Bught, *a small fold in which sheep are milked.*

Buird, *board.*

Buirdly, *stout and well made.*

Buist, *must, constrained.*

Buiss, *the stall of a cow.*

Buit *the same as* buist.

Buller, *to bubble as water from a spring.*

Bumbazed, *confused, confounded.*

Bumming, *humming as bees.*

Bumler, *a blunderer.*

Bunker, *a small chest, as a seat, in a window.*

Bure, *did bear.*

Burn, *a brook.*

But, *or* bot, *without a thing, the outer room.*

Busk, *to deck, to dress.*

Byre, *a cow house.*

Bygane, *bypast.*

Byke, *a nest of bees.*

C

Ca', *to call, to drive as a cart, to name.*

Cadgie, *or* kedgy, *happy, cheerful.*

Cadger, *a low kind of carrier.*

Caff, *chaff.*

Caird, *a tinker, a term of reproach.*

Cairn, *a loose heap of stones.*

Callan, *a boy; in Galloway, a little girl.*

Caller, *fresh, sound, cool.*

Cam, *did come.*

Camseach, *ugly, crooked and ill natured.*

Camstcary, *crost tempered.*

Can, *ingenuity.*

Can, *a vessel to hold water or the like.*

Canna, *cannot.*

Cannie, *ingenious, mild.*

Cannilie, *of* cannie.

Cantrips, *spells, incantations, charms.*

Canty, *cheerful, merry.*

Capernoited, *whimsical, ill natured. capricious.*

Capestane, *copstone, a conclusion.*

Car, *a draught machine, generally without wheels.*

Carena, *care not.*

Carle, *a respectable designation of an old man.*

Carline, *applied to a woman, but with less respect.*

Cast, *contrivance, knack.*

Cast up, *to upbraid.*

Cauld, *cold.*

Castocks, *the stalks of cabbages.*

Cauldrife, *spiritless,*

Cauller, *see* caller.

Caup *or* cap, *a small drinking wooden dish.*

Cauk, *chalk.*

Chafts, *the chops, the jaws.*

Chanter, *a part of the bag-pipe.*

Chap, *a fellow, rather a contemptuous appellation, to strike gently.*

Chappin, *a chopin, a measure of drink, striking.*

Cheep, *to chirp.*

Chill, *or* tzill, *child.*

Chiel, *a term like* fellow, *sometimes respectfully and sometimes contemptuously used.*

Chimla, *sometimes used for the grate, and sometimes for the chimney or lum.*

Chirm, *to talk pitifully, to chirp and sing plaintively as a bird.*

Chitter, *to shiver till the jaws tremble.*

Chow, *to chew.*

Chucky, *a hen, a familiar epithet to a female acquaintance.*

Chuff, *a sulky fellow.*

Clachan, *a village near a church, a hamlet.*

Claise *or* claes, *clothes.*

Cl[illegible]th, *cloth.*

Claithing, *clothing.*
Clan, *a tribe.*
Clatter, *to tell idle trifling stories.*
Claw, *to scratch.*
Clashes, *lies, idle stories.*
Claut, *a tool to gather ashes together, or to clean a byre or the like, to scrape.*
Clought, *took quickly hold of.*
Cleading *or* cleeding, *clothing.*
Cleed, *or* cleed, *to clothe.*
Cleck, *to hatch.*
Cleek, *to catch as with a hook, to take by the arm.*
Cleuks, *the claws of a cat.*
Cleuk, *to catch briskly.*
Cleugh, *a cliff, a hollow between two rocks.*
Clinty, *hard, pointed.*
Clock, *a beetle.*
Clocking, *hatching.*
Cloit, *to fall softly or carelessly,*
Cloot *or* cluit, *the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.*
Clootie, *an old cant word for the devil.*
Closs, *a small lane.*
Clout, *to patch.*
Clour, *a lump after a blow, also a hollow in a pan, or the like after a fall or stroke.*
Coble, *a fishing boat.*
Cockernony, *a young woman's hair gathered, and particularly fastened with a snood or fillet.*
Cod, *a pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Cog, *a wooden dish.*
Cogie, *a small wooden dish.*
Coggle, *to move backwards and forwards, like to fall.*
Colly, *a general name (sometimes particular) for curs.*
Cood *or* cude, *the cud.*
Coodie, *a small wooden vessel.*
Coof *or* cuif, *a silly stupid fellow.*
Coor *or* cuir, *to cower.*
Coor *or* cour, *stooping to conceal one's self, to creep along.*
Cooket, *appeared and disappeared by starts.*
Coost *or* cuist, *did cast.*
Coosser *or* cuisser, *a stallion.*
Cootie, *a wooden dish, fowls whose legs are feathered.*
Corby, *a raven.*

Cosh, *very intimate.*
Cosie, *warm, comfortable, sheltered, snug.*
Cotter, *a servant, but who has his own house and family.*
Couthy, *kind, loving, snug.*
Couter, *the coulter of a plough.*
Cow't, *cut short, cattle without horns.*
Cowe, *to terrify, to keep under, to lop or cut, a branch of withered heath, broom, &c. an imaginary thing to frighten children, or people timid by night.*
Cowp, *to tumble, to barter, a gang or riotous company, a favour or favourable bargain.*
Cowr, *see* coor *or* cour.
Cowt, *a colt.*
Crack, *chat, conversation, boast.*
Craig, *a rock, the neck.*
Craft, *croft.*
Crap, *the gizzard, what is thrown up by boiling whey, a top, a crop, did creep.*
Crankous, *fretful, captious.*
Cranreuch, *hoar-frost.*
Craw, *a crow, to crow.*
Creel, *a basket without a handle*
Creesh, *grease.*
Croil, *a crooked dwarf,*
Crood, *to coo as a dove.*
Crook, *a strong iron chain by which the pot is supported above the kitchen fire.*
Cronie, *a favourite acquaintance, a kind of potatoe.*
Croon, *a low hollow sound, to hum a tune, the low sound a bull makes.*
Crouckie, *a hump back.*
Crouse, *cheerful, courageous.*
Crove, *a cottage.*
Crowdie, *a kind of pottage.*
Crowlin, *crawling.*
Crummy, *a cow with short crooked horns, a cow's name.*
Crump, *to chew hard things noisily, crimp, hard.*
Cryn, *to shrink.*
Cudeigh, *a bribe, a present.*
Culzie, *to entice, to flatter.*
Cummer, *to encumber, a gossip, a midwife.*
Cunzie, *coin, money.*

Cummock, *a short staff with a crooked head*

Cun, *to taste, to learn, to know, to owe—I cun you nae thanks, I am not obliged to you.*

Curchy, *a curtsey, a kerchief.*

Curling, *a game played on the ice.*

Curler, *the player at this game.*

Curmurring, *a rumbling noise, applied chiefly to the noise made by the bowels.*

Curn, *a small parcel.*

Curpin, *the crupper.*

Curst, *cross, mischievously ill-tempered.*

Cushat, *the wood pigeon.*

Cuts, *lots.*

Cutty, *short, a short spoon.*

D

Dab, *a proficient.*

Dad, *to beat one thing against another, a large piece.*

Daffin, *rude merriment, wantonness, waggery.*

Daft, *merry, slightly mad, wanton,*

Dail, *or* dale, *a valley, a plain.*

Dander, *to wander.*

Dainty, *pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.*

Dang, *drove, thrust, excelled.*

Danton, *to affright.*

Darna, *dare not.*

Daud, *see* dad.

Daue, *listless.*

Dawty, *a darling, a great favourite.*

Dawt, *to fondle.*

Daurg *or* daurk, *a day's labour, used also contemptuously for a thing you do not value, as* a daurk for that!

Deave, *to deafen, to teaze.*

Deis *or* dace, *a raised seat behind the fire, in the kitchen, built of stone, a turf seat.*

Deleert, *delirious,*

Delting, *spoiling with kindness, as in the case of a child receiving too much attention.*

Delyverly, *immediately.*

Denk, *saucy.*

Dern, *secret.*

Derray, *jollity, tumultuous, merriment.*

Deval, *to desist.*

Devart, *stupid, without recollection.*
Devle, *a stunning blow.*
Dey, *a father, a dairy maid.*
Dicht, *decked.*
Dight, *to wipe, to clean, to make ready.*
Dike, *a rude stone wall round a field.*
Ding, *to worst, to excel.*
Dingey, *of a dirty colour.*
Dinn, *noise.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Dirdum, *uproar.*
Dirgie *or* dredgie, *a funeral festival.*
Dirl, *a smarting tremulous stroke or pain.*
Disjune, *breakfast.*
Dit, *to stop a hole with something soft, to shut up,—he ditted my mouth.*
Divvat, *a thin turf for covering houses.*
Divour *or* dyvour, *a bankrupt.*
Dizzen, *a dozen.*
Dochter, *daughter.*
Dockea, *the herb dock.*
Doilt, *confused and silly.*
Doited, *the same as* doilt.
Doitrified, *the same as doilt.*
Dank, *moist.*
Donsie, *unlucky, affectedly neat, clean, ailing.*
Dool, *sorrow, pain, a mark to hit at a game, the pin which joins fellies of a cart.*
Doofart, *a dull fellow.*
Dorts, *a proud pet.*
Dorty, *proud, conceited, saucy, nice.*
Dosend, *stiff and weak with cold.*
Douce *or* douse, *sober, wise, prudent.*
Dought *or* docht, *could, was able.*
Douks, *dives under water.*
Doure, *sullen, stubborn, stout, durable.*
Down, *low, level land, hilly in England.*
Dow, *am able, a dove, a favourite.*
Dowf, *hollow, wanting vivacity.*
Dowie, *ailing, frail, melancholly.*

Downa, *am not able.*
Dowght, *was able, could.*
Dowp, *the backside, the end of a candle.*
Drammock, *a kind of food.*
Draff, *brewers grains.*
Draket, *draggled, bespattered.*
Drant, *to speak slow.*
Dree *or* drie, *to suffer to endure.*
Dreep, *to ooze or drop slowly.*
Dreery *or* dreary, *wearisome, frightful.*
Dreich *or* dreigh, *slow, tedious.*
Dribble, *a small quantity of any liquid, to run slowly.*
Drift, *a drove, snow driven by the wind.*
Drizzle, *small soft rain.*
Drouked, *drenched, all wet.*
Drouth, *excessive thirst.*
Drumly, *muddy.*
Dub, *mire.*
Duds, *tattered garments.*
Dung, *defeated, driven.*
Dunt, *a stroke, the noise made by a stroke.*
Durk *or* dirk, *a dagger.*
Dyvour, *see* divour.
Dush *or* dulsh, *to push as a calf to butt*
Dynels *or* dinnels, *the same as* dirls.

E

Eam, *uncle.*
Eard, *earth.*
Ee, *the eye,*
Een, *the eyes.*
Eenen, *evening,*
Eebrie, *eye-brow.*
Eerie, *frighted, dreading spirits or ghosts.*
Eild, *age.*
Eildens, *of the same age.*
Eistlin, *eastern.*
Eith, *easy.*
Elbuck, *the elbow.*
Eldritch, *ghastly, frightful, hideous, unlucky.*
Elfshot, *bewitched, shot by fairies.*
Elson *or* elison, *a shoemaker's awl.*
Elwan, *a measure of length.*
Enlang, *along, at full length.*
Ergh, *scrupulous, shy.*
Erst, *time past.*

Etnoch, *the juniper.*
Ettercap, *a wasp.*
Ettle, *to aim, to design.*
Even'd, *compared, straightened.*
Eydent, *diligent, constant.*

F

Fa', *fall, a trap, lot.*
Fae, *a foe,*
Fadge, *coarse thin bread raised with yeast, a fat person.*
Faem, *foam.*
Fairin, *a present at a fair, sometimes in an opposite sense, I'll give him his fairin, I'll thrash him.*
Fail, *the surface of a smooth field, thick cut turf for building temporary inclosures or houses.*
Fait *or rather* feat, *neat either in person or dress, spruce.*
Fand, *did find.*
Fake, *a plaid, to fail, to spare.*
Fairfa, *when we wish well to one.*
Farrand, auld farrand, *wise beyond one's years.*
Farlie, *term of contempt, to wonder.*
Farnyear, *last year.*
Farle, *the quarter of an oaten cake baked round.*
Fash, *to vex, to trouble.*
Fathrals, fattrils, *ribbon ends, &c.*
Faugh, *a pale colour, fallowed field.*
Fauld, *a fold.*
Faut, *fault.*
Feat, *see* fait.
Fecht, *a fight.*
Feckfu, *stout, well-grown.*
Feckless, *weak, puny, rather in poor health.*
Feeryfary, *a stir, a bustle.*
Feid, fead, feed, *or* fead, *hatred, lasting enmity.*
Feint, *feint a bit, never a bit, a little oath.*
Feir, *a companion, equal, one of the same age, sound, healthy.*
Fell, *to kill, keen, biting the true skin—between the fell and the flesh, cheese of a sharp spicy taste, high rugged hills, in some places a level field on the top or side of a hill. Very* —fell hard, *very hard.*

Feinzie, *to feign.*
Fen, *shift, to live industriously and comfortably.*
Ferlie, *see* farlie.
Fernzier, *see* farnyear.
Fey *or* fee, *one doing a thing so much unlike himself, that it seems ominous of short life, he will not live long.*
Fey, *a small field enclosed round the farmer's ha' of ten or twenty acres kept in constant crop by means of dung, fallow &c.*
Fidge, *to be restless, to roll or toss about, either with pain or joy.*
File, *to dirty.*
Fin', *to find, to feel.*
Fire-fang'd, *scorched with the fire.*
Fireflaught, *a broad sheet of lightning.*
Fissle, *to stir with a rustling noise.*
Fit, *the foot.*
Fizz, *to make a hissing noise.*
Flae-lugged, *light headed* q. d. *he has a flea in his ear.*
Flaff, *moving quick, even disturbing the air, as birds do with their wings.*
Flam, *to sprinkle roasting meat with its own fat.*
Flane, *an arrow.*
Flaughter, *a thin pared turf, see* divvat.
Flaw, *a harmless lie, a fib.*
Fleet, fleit, *afraid.*
Fleetch, *to importune in a supplicating and flattering manner.*
Fleg, *a fright, a blow.*
Flether, *to decoy by fair words, to talk idly.*
Fley, *to frighten.*
Fleyt, *afraid as of ghosts.*
Flechter, *to flutter like a young scared bird.*
Fleume, *phlegm.*
Flinders, *splinters.*
Flisk, *to be restless, to fret.*
Flit, *to remove.*
Flite *or* flyte, *to scold, to chide.*

Floucht, *doing a thing in a thoughtless hurry, flutter.*
Flowks *or* flukes, *flounders.*
Flushy, *wet miry ground.*
Flype, *a piece, to pull off any thing, as you turn down a stocking by the head.*
Fog, *moss.*
Foosh, *did fetch.*
Fooshty, *musty.*
Forbears, *forefathers.*
Forby, *besides, uncommonly.*
Forefairn, *bespattered with something disagreeable.*
Forfochten *or* forfoughten, *weary, faint, exhausted with any exercise, especially fighting.*
Forgainst, *opposite to.*
Forgather, *to meet, to encounter.*
Forgie, *to forgive.*
Forjasket, *jaded, worn out.*
Forlethie, *a disgust from taking too much.*
Forleet, *to forsake.*
Forspoken, *one soon to die, bewitched*
Forthy, *forward, presuming.*
Fou, *tipsey, nearly drunk.*
Fouth, *abundance.*
Fow, *a corn fork.*
Fozy, *spungy, soft.*
Frae, *from.*
Fraise, *to flatter, to say more about a person, or a thing, than the time will justify, in the manner of a weak sycophant.*
Freik, *an impertinent fellow.*
Freits, *lucky or unlucky omens, or proverbial observations, implicating something supernatural.*
Fremit, *strange.*
Fristed, *trusted.*
Frush, *brittle.*
Fu', *full.*
Fud, *the tail of a hare.*
Fuff, *to blow interruptedly.*
Fumbler, *an impotent man.*
Fun, *frolic.*
Furr, *either the furrow thrown, or the space it occupied.*
Fure, *fared, walked smartly.*
Furthy, *see* forthy.
Fyke, *to be restless, caring about trifles.*

Fush, *brought*—fushty, *musty.*

G

Gab, *the mouth, to speak pertly.*
Gabbocks, *large mouthfuls.*
Gabberlunzie, *a beggar with his wallet over his loins.*
Gae, *to go.*
Gaed, *went—gaeing, &c.*
Gafaw, *hearty, loud laughter.*
Gait, *a goat.*
Gang, *to go.*
Gar, *to compel.*
Gare, *greedy,*
Garten, *garter.*
Garth, *an inclosure, or the brushwood which forms it.*
Gary, *shining, bright.*
Gash, *smartly sagacious, forwardly talkative.*
Gate, *manner, strut, way or road.*
Gaucy, *or* gausy, *honest, jolly, buxom.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawky, *a conceited foolish person.*
Gear *or* geir, *wealth, goods, accoutrements.*
Geck, *to toss the head in wantonness, or scorn.*
Geed, *went, gave.*
Ged, *a pike (a fish)*
Gentles, *gentry.*
Genty, *handsome, neat, genteel.*
Get *or* geet, *a child, generally in contempt.*
Ghaist, *ghost.*
Gie, *to give,*
Giff, *if.*
Gigglet, *a trifling idly laughing young person.*
Gill, *a piece of smooth water.*
Gilly, *a servant.*
Gimmer, *a young sheep.*
Gin, *if.*
Girdle, *a gridiron.*
Girn, *to grin ill-naturedly or fantastically, to fret; also a snare to catch fish or birds.*
Girth, *a hoop.*
Glaikit, *idle, thoughtless*—got the glaiks, *beguiled.*
Glaiks, *an ingenious contrivance of small pieces of wood, difficult to be taken asunder.*
Glaid *or* glade, *a kite.*

Glamour *or* glaumer, *deception of sight, when there is an intention of fascination.*
Glar, *dirt mire.*
Gleed, *a small fire.*
Glee *or* gley, *to squint.*
Gleg, *sharp, quick, active.*
Glen, *a narrow valley between mountains.*
Glit, *smooth-tongued.*
Glint *or* glent, *to peep, to shine at times.*
Gloamin, *the twilight.*
Gloom, *to scowl, or frown.*
Glowr, *to stare, to look stern or frightful.*
Glunsh, *to hang the brow, to grumble.*
Goolie, *a large knife that does not fold.*
Gorlings, *young unfledged birds.*
Goukit, *simply foolish.*
Gowan, *the daisy.*
Gowd, *gold,*
Gowden, *golden.*
Gowf, *a kind of game.*
Gowk, *a cuckoo, a foolish person.*
Gowl, *to howl.*
Gowsty, *ghastly, hollow sounding, frightful, desolate.*
Grape *or* graip, *to feel, a stable rake.*
Grain *or* grane, *to groan.*
Graith, *accoutrements, furniture, dress.*
Granny, *grandmother.*
Great, *intimate, familiar.*
Gree, *to agree, victory, a prize.*
Green, *to wish for.*
Greet, *to weep*—grat, *wept.*
Grip, *to hold fast.*
Gritt, *thick, as of a tree.*
Groats, *oats dressed as barley, and used in the same way in broths—perhaps superior.*
Groff, *coarsely ground.*
Grouff, *lying on the belly.*
Grousom, *frightsome, loathsomely ugly.*
Grozet, *a gooseberry.*
Grumph, *to make a noise like a sow,*
Grutten, *rather* forgrutten, *one that has wept till they are exhausted.*
Grushie, *thick, fat.*

Gryse, *a pig.*
Guidman, guidwife, *the master and mistress of the house.*
Gumtion, *good sense—rumgumtion.*
Gurly, *rough cold weather.*
Grunzie, *the snout.*
Gutters, *mire.*
Gysen'd, *a wooden dish shrunk till it leaks.*
Gyts, *young goats.*
Gytlings, *young children.*
Gymp, *slender, genteel.*

H

Ha', *hall, a principal farm house, an abiding place.*
Hae, *to have.*
Had, *to hold, to await, to stop.*
Haffet, *the side of the head.*
Hafflins, *nearly the half.*
Haggis, *a Scotch dish.*
Hained, *spared, saved.*
Haining clothes, *clothes laid by till others are used, or for great days.*
Hairst, *harvest.*
Hals *or* hase, *the throat.*
Haly, *holy.*
Halucket, *weak, crazy.*
Hallan, *a particular wall in a cottage.*
Hame, *home.*
Hamely, *frank, affable.*
Hap, *a covering, to wrap, to hop.*
Hartsom *or* heartsome, *comfortable, pleasant.*
Hash, *a stupid fellow.*
Hassok, *a straw cushion, to relieve a weight on the head.*
Haugh, *a rich valley along a river.*
Haurl, *to drag.*
Haverel, *a half witted person.*
Havins, *good manners, decorum.*
Healsom, *healthful.*
Hearse, *hoarse.*
Heather, *heath.*
Heht *or* hecht, *foretold, promised.*
Heft, *the handle of a knife, the place a man, more particularly a beast, is attached to.*
Heeze, *to raise, to lift up.*
Herd, *to tend flocks, also the person who tends them.*

Heck, *a rack, part of a spinning wheel.*
Herry, *to plunder.*
Hesp, *a clasp.*
Het, *hot.*
Heugh, *a rock over the sea, a coal-pit.*
Hidlings, *secret.*
Hilch, *to hobble, to halt.*
Hing, *to hang.*
Hirple, *to walk infirmly.*
Hirsal *or* hissel, *a number or quantity indefinite.*
Histy, *dry, chapt, barren.*
Hizzy, huzzy—*rather a term of kindness.*
Hool, *husk.*
Hooly, *slow, take leisure.*
Host, *to cough.*
Howdie, *a midwife.*
Howe, *a hollow, a piece of ground between or among small heights, or by a brook.*
Howk, *to dig, to delve.*
Howms *or* houms, *level ground by river sides.*
Howt! *the same as* fy!
Howtowdy, *a young fat hen.*
Hoy, *to urge.*
Hoyse, *to pull upwards.*
Hoyte, *to amble crazily.*
Hurkle, *to crouch together.*
Hurdies, *the loins and upper part of the thighs.*
Hut, *a hovel.*
Hyte *or* hite, *foolishly rash, bordering on madness*—Gite *is applied in the same manner.*

I

I' *a local abbreviation for in.*
Ier-oe, *a great grandchild.*
Ilk, ilka, *this, each, every.*
Ingle, *a fire.*
Irie, *see* eerie.
I'se, *I shall.*
I'll, *I will.*
Isles, *see* aizles, *hot embers; perhaps Shakespeare's eisles.*
Ither, *other.*

J.

Jade, *a familiar term for a giddy girl.*
Jauk, *to trifle by the way, to dally.*
Jaup, *a girh of water, especially dirty water.*

Jaw, *a strong wave of the sea, also coarse raillery.*

Jie, *to incline to one side, as horses in the yoke.*

Jimp, *see* gymp.

Jo, *sweetheart, an address of kindness.*

Jowk, *to stoop, to turn a corner speedily, to get rid of one.*

Jundie, *to jostle.*

Junt, *a large clumsy piece of any thing.*

Jute, *dead ale, any insipid thing.*

Jupe, *a great coat, to mock or taunt.*

K.

Kae, *a daw.*

Kail *or* kale, *colewort, also a kind of broth.*

Kebbuck, *a cheese.*

Keckle, *to make a noise like a hen.*

Kedgy, *heartily, happy, and jovial.*

Keek, *a sly peep.*

Keel, *red chalk.*

Kemp, *to strive on a harvest ridge.*

Kelpies, *evil spirits of the waters.*

Kent, *a long staff.*

Kepp, *to catch suddenly; to meet; to stop.*

Kilted, *tucked up.*

Kimmer, *a familiar female acquaintance.*

Kirn, *a churn, also the harvest home.*

Kirtil, *a close gown with an upper petticoat.*

Kist, *a chest.*

Kitchen, *any thing eaten along with bread or pottage, as milk, beer, fish, flesh—it is similar to the oil, and dried fruit given to the Roman slaves to eat, along with their allowance of bread.*

Kith, *kindred.*

Kitt, *a deep wooden vessel.*

Kittle, *to tickle, difficult.*

Kittlin, *a young cat.*

Knacky, *witty, cunning, ingenious.*

Knag, *a pointed piece of wood to hang any thing on.*

Knaggy, *like points of rocks.*
Knaips *or* kneeps, *knaves, trifling stupid fellows.*
Knoit, *to strike.*
Knoost *or* knuist, *a large lump.*
Know, *a hillock.*
Kneeblock *or* knewlock, *a small quantity.*
Ky, *cows.*
Kyth, *to appear, to prosper.*
Kyte, *the belly.*

L

Laggert, *bespattered.*
Laggin, *the edge of a dish or vessel.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lair, *learning, sinking in mire or snow.*
Laith, *loath.*
Laithfu', *bashful.*
Laits, *gestures.*
Lallans, *lowland Scotch.*
Landart, *of the country, vulgar.*
Landart, *rustic, up the country.*
Lane, *or* alane, *myself, alone.*
Lanely, *lonely.*
Langsom, *tedious, tiresome.*
Lang kail, *coleworts uncut boiled.*
Langsyne, *long ago.*
Lap, *did leap.*
Lapper'd, *curdled.*
Lave, *the rest, the remainder, the others.*
Lavrock, *the lark.*
Lawty, *justice, fidelity, honesty.*
Lea'e, *to leave.*
Leal, *loyal, true, honest.*
Leam, *flame.*
Lee, *unplowed land, land of the first year's plowing, a green field, a warm sheltered place.*
Lee-lang, *live-long.*
Lee, *to tell a lie.*
Leeze me, *a phrase of sympathy, or endearment.*
Leoud, *ignorant.*
Leugh, *did laugh.*
Leuk, *a look.*
Leglen, *a milking pail.*
Lew *or* leu-warm, *lukewarm.*
Libb, *to geld.*
Lick, *to whip, to beat, to strike, a smart fellow.*
Lidder, *listless.*
Lift, *the sky or firmament.*
Ligg, *to ly.*

Lightly, *or* dealightly, *to sneer, to despise.*
Lilt, *a quick tune, to sing.*
Limmer, *a giddy girl, a bad woman.*
Limp, *to halt, to walk lame.*
Lin, *a waterfall.*
Ling, *to walk quick and equal.*
Lingle, *a small cord, a shoemaker's thread.*
Link, *to trip along.*
Links, *the bendings of a river, green ground overflowed by the tides.*
Lint, *flax.*
Lintwhite, *a linnet.*
Lippen, *to trust.*
Lire, *the breasts.*
Lirk, *a wrinkle.*
Lisk, *the groin.*
Lith, *a joint.*
Loor, *or* luir, *the breasts, wished.*
Loan, *the fold for cows, and where they are milked.*
Loch, *a lake.*
Loo *or* looe, *love, to love.*
Loof, *the inside of the hand.*
Looms, *applied to tools of any kind.*
Loot, *to stoop, did let.*
Loon, *a young boy, a soft lad, a rogue.*
Loor, *to creep stoopingly along, an angry look.*
Loughter, *as much as the left hand can carry alone, when reaping, sometimes almost to fill a sheaf.*
Loup, *to leap.*
Lowe, *flame.*
Lown, *calm, without wind.*
Lowse, *to loose.*
Lug, *the ear, the handle of a dish.*
Luggie, *a small wooden dish with a handle.*
Lukken, *joined like the toes of a duck.*
Lucky, *grandmother.*
Lum, *the chimney.*
Lunch, *a piece of cheese or the like.*
Lurdan, *a lazy sot.*
Lusty, *amiable, stout made and plump.*
Lyart, *of a mixed grey colour.*
Lythe, *warm and sheltered, to*

stir together, as in making pottage.

Lythy, *of a thick consistence.*

M

Mac, *more in number.*

Maik, *an equal, a comrade.*

Mailin, *a farm.*

Mair, *more in quantity.*

Maist, *most.*

Maister, *urine.*

Makly, *handily, seemly.*

Maksna, *it is no matter.*

Malison, *a curse.*

Mammie, *mother, nurse.*

Manteel, *a mantle.*

Marrow, *match, wife, one of two things alike; as* marrow of a buckle.

Mashlum, *mixed corn.*

Mask, *to infuse.*

Maukin, *a hare.*

Maun, *must.*

Mavis, *a thrush.*

Maw, *to mow.*

Mawster, *a mower.*

Mawn, *a large basket without a handle.*

Meikle, *or* muckle, *much.*

Melder, *a quantity of meal making at the mill.*

Mell, *to meddle, a large mallet.*

Meith, *a mark, sign, limit.*

Men', *to mend, to amend.*

Mense, *good manners, to try.*

Menseless, *rude, ill-bred, glutonous.*

Menzie, *a large company of men, or followers, an army, assembly, a confused crowd.*

Midden, *a dung-hill.*

Midge, *a gnat.*

Mim, *prim.*

Mill *or* mull, *a snuff box or horn.*

Minny, *mother.*

Mint, *to aim, to endeavour.*

Mirk, *very dark.*

Misca', *to misname, to abuse.*

Misken, *to forget or neglect, from pride, an acquaintance; a phrase for desiring one to desist, or let alone.*

Mislcert, *mischievous.*

Misters, *wants, necessities.*

Mittens, *worsted gloves.*

Mither, *mother.*

Moch, *to grow musty.*

Moil, *labour.*
Mools, *or* muils, *rich crumbly earth, the grave.*
Mool, *to crumble, to be familiar with.*
Mony, *many.*
Moup, *to chew like an old man without teeth.*
Morn, *to-morrow.*
Moss, *where turf is cut and dried for fuel.*
Mou', *the mouth.*
Mow, *a pile or bing of oats, or the like.*
Mowdewort, *the mole.*
Mowes, *jokes.*
Moyen, *influence.*
Muck, *dung.*
Muckle *see* meikle.
Mug, *a large sheep, the ram without horns.*
Murrach, *shell-fish in general.*
Murgulied, *mismanaged, spoiled.*
Mutch, *a female head-dress.*

N

Na, *no, not, nor.*
Nacky *or* knacky, *clever, active in small things.*
Nae, *no, not.*
Naebody, *nobody.*
Naething, *nothing.*
Naig, *a horse.*
Nane, *none.*
Natch, *a notch.*
Nave, *not spoiled.*
Navity, *a peculiar fitness of expression.*
Neese, niz, *or* naise, *the nose, to sneeze.*
Nief *or* niv, *the hand shut.*
Niefu', neivefu' *or* nivfu', *a handful.*
Neist, *next.*
Neuk, *a corner.*
Nevel, *a blow.*
Newfangled, *fond of new things.*
Nick, *to cut, to cheat, to hit the time proper.*
Niffer, *to exchange.*
Nip, *to bite with the teeth or nails.*
Nit, *a nut.*
Nither, *to straiten.*
Nocht, *nothing.*
Nock, *a small notch.*
Nook *or* nuik, *see* neuk.

Norland, *of, or belonging to the north.*
Nourice, *a nurse.*
Nowt *or* nolt, *black cattle.*

O

O' *of.*
O'er *or* oure, *or* ower, *over, too much.*
Oe, *or* oy, *a grand child.*
O'ercome, *overplus.*
O'erputt, *to overcome, to get over a difficulty.*
Ony, *any.*
Or, *ere, before.*
Orpe, *to fret.*
Orra, *something over, without an owner, without any to take notice of one.*
Ought, aught, *any thing.*
Oughtlens, *in the least.*
Ourie, *shivering, drooping.*
Oursels, *ourselves.*
Outler, *a beast that lies in the fields during winter.*
Owk, *a week.*
Owre, *see* o'er.
Owrlay, *a cravat.*
Owsen, *oxen.*
Owther, *either.*
Oxter, *the armpit, beneath the arm.*

P

Pack, *intimate, a connected set of bad people.*
Paddock, *a frog.*
Paddling, *children running among shallow water.*
Paiks, *chastisement.*
Pang, *to cram.*
Partans, *crab fish.*
Partrik, *a partridge.*
Pat, *did put.*
Pattle, *a plough-staff.*
Paughty, *proud, haughty.*
Pauky, *sly, cunning.*
Pay, *to whip a child,* well-paid, *severely beat.*
Pearlings, *lace.*
Pech *or* pegh, *to pant, to breathe short and with difficulty.*
Peer, *to peep over.*
Peets, *boggy turf dried for burning.*
Pensand, *thinking.*
Pensy, *finnical, foppish, conceited, overweening.*

Perfyte, *perfect.*
Perqueir, *correct, by the book.*
Pet, *a favourite, a fondling, a peevish fit.*
Phraise, *a fair speech, flattery.*
Pickle *or* puckle, *a small quantity.*
Pibroch, *martial music on the bagpipes.*
Pig, *an earthen jar.*
Pike, *to pick, to steal trifling things.*
Pine *or* peen, *pain.*
Pillion, *a coarse saddle stuffed with straw.*
Pit, *to put.*
Pith, *strength, force.*
Plack, *a Scotch coin, a mere trifle.* Plackless, *poor, without means.*
Plaid, *cross striped woolen cloth, the covering made out of this cloth.*
Pley, *a debate, a quarrel.*
Plisky, *a trick.*
Plouky-faced, *much pimpled.*
Pocks, *small bags.*
Pocky, *a very small bag.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Popling, *the noise and motion o boiling water.*
Porridge, *pottage.*
Pou *or* pu', *to pull.*
Pouk *or* puk, *to pluck.*
Pouch, *a pocket.*
Pousie, *a hare or cat.*
Pout, *to take offence, the young of fowls, to push with the feet.*
Pow, *the poll, the head.*
Pounie, *a little horse.*
Preen, *a pin, a thing of no value.*
Prets, *tricks,*
Prie *or* Prieve, *to taste, to prove.*
Prig, *to cheapen.*
Propine, *a gift.*
Putt the stone, *a game—who can throw a heavy stone farthest.*

Q

Quak, *to quake, to make a noise like a duck.*
Quat, *to quit.*
Queed, *a small tub.*
Queir, *a choir, a part of a church or cathedral.*

Quey, *a young cow.*

R

Rack, *a place to dry cheese upon, a shallow place in a river.*

Rackless, *careless.*

Rae, *a roe.*

Raffin, *merry, hearty.*

Raird, *a loud sound.*

Rair, *to roar, to make a loud crashing noise.*

Raith, *a quarter of a year.*

Rampauge, *to speak and act furiously.*

Rantin, *joyous, jolly.*

Rape *or* raip, *a rope.*

Rarely, *excellently.*

Rash, *a rush.*

Ratton, *a rat.*

Raucle, *rash, fearless.*

Raught, *reached.*

Rauk *or* rook, *mist or fog.*

Rave, *did rive or tear.*

Raw, *a row.*

Rax, *to stretch, to stretch out in yawning, to reach out for a thing.*

Ream, *cream.*

Reck, *to care for.*

Redd, *to advise threateningly, to unravel, to part people in a fray, apt and quick, clean and neat.*

Rede, *a fight.*

Red-wood, *stark-mad.*

Ree, *half drunk.*

Reek, *to reach, smoke.*

Reest, *to dry in smoke.*

Reestit, *withered (contemptuously) stood restive.*

Reft, *tore, bereft, robbed, carried off.*

Reef, *rapine.*

Reik *or* rink, *a course for races or curling.*

Revel'd *or* ravel'd, *entangled.*

Rever, *a robber or pirate.*

Rew *or* rue, *to repent.*

Rewth, *pity.*

Rice, *dried bushes or under wood.*

Rifarts, *radishes.*

Rife, *abundant.*

Ree, *a place into which the Ewes are driven to be milked, or where all are collected to be shorn or some picked out.*

Rift, *to belch.*

Rig, *a ridge.*
Riggin, *the roof of a house.*
Rin, *to run.*
Rink, *see* reik.
Rippet, *a noisy strife.*
Ripples, *pain in the back.*
Risp, *to make a noise like a rasp or file.*
Rive, *to tear, to rend, to split, to burst.*
Rock, *a distaff.*
Rood, *the cross.*
Roon *or* rune, *a shred.*
Roose *or* ruise, *to extol with flattery.*
Roupet, *hoarse.*
Row, *to roll, to wrap.*
Rowan, *rolling.*
Rowt, *to low, to bellow.*
Rowth, *plenty.*
Rude, *the tint of a fine complexion.*
Rueſu', *doleful.*
Rug, *a coarse covering, to pull.*
Rumple, *the rump, to tumble one's clothes.*
Rung, *a cudgel.*
Runkle, *a wrinkle, to ruffle.*
Runt, *the stem of a cabbage, &c.*

S

Sae, *so.*
Saebeins, *seeing it is so, since.*
Saft, *soft.*
Saip, *soap.*
Saikless, *guiltless, forsaken.*
Sair, *sore, much, to serve.*
Sang, *a song.*
Sark, *a shirt.*
Saugh, *the sallow tree.*
Saul, *soul.*
Saut, *salt.*
Saw, *to sow.*
Scad, *to scald, the faint gleam of the evening sky;* heart-scad, *the heart burn; when one is defeated in their purpose, he is said* to have got the heart-scad at it; *to give a hasty heat to any liquid.*
Scant, *scarce.*
Scart, *to scratch vehemently.*
Scawpy, *bare stoney ground.*
Scaw, *the scald head in children, to fade in colour and become of different colours,*
Schaw *or* shaw, *a grove.*

Scawl, *to scold.*
Scawr, *to affright.*
Scayth, *damage, hurt.*
Scon, *thin bread made of barley flour.*
Sconn, *to whip a child on the buttocks.*
Sconner *or* scunner, *a disgust, loathing.*
Scoul, *to frown.*
Scowp, *to move hastily from one place to another, a blow.*
Scowth, *room, freedom.*
Scraick, *to scream.*
Scraw, *a tattered thing.*
Screech *or* skreigh, *to screech.*
Screed, *to tear, a rent.*
Scrieve, *to glide swiftly along.*
Scrimp, *narrow, pinched, too little.*
Scrogs, *thorns, briars, and the like.*
Scuds, *well made small beer,—he trips along sometimes out of sight in the evening.*
Scunner, *see* sconner.
Seely, *lucky, happy.*
Sel, *self.*
Seuch *or* sheugh, *a furrow, a small ditch.*
Sey, *to try.*
Scybow, *a young onion.*
Shan, *pitiful, silly, poor.*
Shangan, *twisted twigs, shangy, twisted.*
Shanks, *small limbs.*
Shanks-naigie, *on foot (in ridicule.)*
Sharn, *cow's dung.*
Shave, *a slice.*
Shauve, *to sow.*
Shaw, *see* schaw.
Shaw, *to shew.*
Shawl, *shallow.*
Shawps, *empty husks of pease, and the like.*
Sheen, *clear, shining.*
Sheel *or* sheiling, *a hut among the mountains.*
Shill, *shrill.*
Shire, *clear, thin, clever.*
Shog, *a shock, to shake.*
Shool, *a shovel.*
Shoon, *shoes.*
Shore, *to offer, to threaten.*
Sib, *a-kin.*

Sic, sik *or* siken, *such.*
Sicker, *sure, firm, secure.*
Sidelins, *sidelong, slanting.*
Sike, *an oozing rill, dry in summer.*
Sill, *the door threshold.*
Siller, *silver money.*
Simmer, *summer.*
Sin, *a son.*
Sin', *since.*
Sinder *or* sinner, *to separate, to part.*
Sendle, *seldom.*
Singit, *singed.*
Sinsyne, *since that time.*
Skaith, *see* scayth.
Skail, *to scatter.*
Skare, *a share.*
Skeigh, *skittish, proud, nice, high-mettled, shy.*
Skelp, *to strike, to travel smartly.*
Skiff, *to move smoothly away, a slight shower.*
Skink, *a kind of soup, to fill drink in a cup, to pour out of one dish into another, in order to cool.*
Skip, *to leap, to make a stone leap on the water, by a particular way of throwing it.*
Skirl, *to shriek or cry bitterly.*
Skipper, *the commander of a very small vessel.*
Sklent, *askant.*
Skowrie, *ragged, nasty, mean.*
Skreed, *see* screed.
Skybald, *a vile fellow.*
Skyte, *to toss about dirty water, to be hasty.*
Slade, *did slide, a machine without wheels drawn by horses.*
Slae, *a sloe, part of a weaver's loom.*
Slap, *a breach on a dyke or wall.*
Slavering, *drivelling, an insignificant fellow.*
Slaw, *slow.*
Slee, *sly.*
Sleekit, *sleek, sly, artful and cunning, smooth.*
Slerg, *to bedaub.*
Sliddery, *smooth, slippy, cunning, not to be depended on.*
Slock *or* slocken, *to quench thirst, to put out fire.*
Slonk, *a mire.*

Slough, *a bank, a deep miry place, a rut.*

Slype, *a mean fellow, to fall over.*

Sma', *small.*

Smaik, *a pitiful fellow.*

Smeddum, *mettle, sense.*

Smiddy *or* smithy, *a smith's workshop.*

Smore *or* smoor, *to smother, a thick dust, a crowd raising dust.*

Smytrie, *a collection of insignificant things.*

Snack, *nimble, a hasty mouthful.*

Snash, *abusive language.*

Snaw, *snow.*

Sned, *to cut, to lop.*

Sneeshin, *snuff.*

Sneg, *to cut violently.*

Snell, *sharp, biting, ill-natured.*

Snib, *to cut short, to stop impertinence.*

Snibbal, *a cross piece of stick twisted into one end of a rope, and to be passed through an eye in the other, and turned half about, which fixes the continuity of the two ends.*

Snick *or* sneck, *a latch, contriving.*

Snod, *neat, handsome, tight.*

Snifter, *to breathe through the nose loaded with a cold and rheum.*

Snood, *a fillet for tying up a young woman's hair.*

Snool, *a silly dispirited fellow.*

Snoove, *to whirl softly round.*

Snowk *or* snoak, *to smell libidinously.*

Snurl, *thread entangled, to get into a scrape.*

Sod, *a thick turf.*

Sods, *a saddle stuffed with straw, hanging low on the horse's sides to ease the burden.*

Sonsy, *lucky, jolly, sweet looking.*

Soom, *to swim, a particular number of sheep or black cattle, the air, bag of a fish.*

Sooth, *truth.*

Sorn, *to sponge, to swindle.*

Soss, *dog's meat, the noise a soft heavy thing makes when it falls on the ground.*

Sowt, *to stop suddenly like a plough by a rock.*

Sough *or* souch, *the soft whispering noise of the wind among trees, or of one sleeping calmly,* to sough, *to hum a tune, also the distant sound of water.*

Souple, *swift, flexible.*

Souter, *a shoemaker.*

Sowp, *a spoonful, a small quantity.*

Sowens, *flummery.*

Sowm *see* soom.

Sowther, *to solder.*

Sowth, *see* sough,

Sowpit, *soaked, steeped.*

Spae, *to foretell or divine.*

Spairge, *to dash.*

Spaine *or* spean, *to wean.*

Spait, *a flood, an inundation after snow or rain.*

Spak, *did speak.*

Spaldings, *small dried fish.*

Spang, *a jump, to move nimbly about.*

Spaul, *a limb.*

Speal *or* speel, *to climb.*

Speer *or* speir, *to ask, to enquire.*

Spelder, *to draw asunder, to split, to stretch.*

Spence, *the apartment where provisions are kept, sometimes the country parlour.*

Spier, *pride.*

Spluichan, *a pouch for tobacco.*

Spoolie *or* spulzie, *spoil, plunder.*

Spraings, *stripes of different colours.*

Spring, *a quick tune on an instrument, a reel.*

Sprit, *a coarse hard grass.*

Sprush, *spruce.*

Spunk, *fire, mettle, wit, tinder.*

Spunkie, *spirited, a name for will o' wisp.*

Spung, *a purse.*

Spurtle, *a flat stick for stirring pottage, or for turning cakes on the gridiron.*

Squeel, *to scream.*

Stacher, *to stagger as with drink.*

Stack, *a rick of corn.*

Stang, *did sting, sting or pole; to ride the stang, a summary punishment inflicted on men who beat their wives, by carrying them about, riding on the sharp edge of a deal.*

Stalwart, *strong and valiant.*
Staig, *a horse of a year old, to walk about indolently.*
Stane, *a stone.*
Stank, *stunk, a pool of standing water, or rather a deep ditch, with little declivity.*
Stap, *stop, a step, the stave in a cask or dish.*
Stark, *stout, entirely, as stark mad, stark naked.*
Starn, *a star, a small quantity.*
Staumrel, *one half-witted.*
Staw, *did steal.*
Stay *or* staie, *steep.*
Steek, steik *or* stike, *to shut close, a stitch.*
Steir *or* steer, *to molest, to stir, an ox.*
Stigh *or* stech, *to cram.*
Steive, *strong, firm, compacted.*
Stell, *a still.*
Sten *or* stend, *to move with a quick long pace, to leap like a flea.*
Stent, *to stretch, to tax, to require so much work in a given time, as in spinning; tight.*
Stint *to confine, to limit.*
Stirk, *black cattle of a year old.*
Stock, *a plant of cabbage or the like.*
Stoit, *to walk carelessly or staggering*
Stoon, *a particular kind of pain.*
Stoor *or* sture, *coarse, austere, harsh, strong.*
Stot, *to rebound, an ox.*
Stou, *to cut or crop, a large piece.*
Stoun *or* stound, *see* stoon.
Stoup, *a timber dish, a handle.*
Stour, *dust in motion, to do any thing briskly.*
Stown, *stolen.*
Stowth, *stealth.*
Strack, *struck.*
Strae, *straw.*
Straik, *to stroke.*
Strappin, *tall, handsome.*
Straught, *straight.*
Strath, *a large plain along a river.*
Streak, struk *or* streck, *to stretch.*
Strinkle, *to sprinkle, to strew.*
Studdy *or* stithy, *an anvil.*

Stroot *or* strute, *stuffed, crammed, full.*
Strunt, *a pet, a fit of ill nature, small beer.*
Sture, *see* stoor.
Sturt, *to take offence, trouble, molest.*
Stym, *seeing a thing with difficulty, if at all.*
Sugh, *see* sough.
Suddle, *to dirty.*
Sump, *a sudden heavy shower.*
Sumph, *a cross blockhead*
Sunkats, *something.*
Swaird, *the surface of the grass, the breadth one takes before them when cutting with a scythe.*
Swack, *to throw with force, tight, active.*
Swap, *to exchange.*
Swank, *stately, jolly,*
Swankie, *a clever young fellow.*
Swarf, *to swoon.*
Swat, *did sweat.*
Swatch, *a sample.*
Swats, *small beer.*
Sweer, *lazy, averse.*
Sweeties, *confections.*
Swinge, *to beat, to strike.*
Swingean, *very large.*
Swirl, *an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.*
Swirly, *blustering weather, full of knots.*
Swith, *quickly.*
Swither, *to hesitate.*
Syne, *afterwards, then, since.*
Syte *or* site, *anxious, care, sorrow.*

T

Tae, *toe, the one.*
Taid, *a toad, a term of contempt* --nasty taid.
Tak, *to take.*
Tane, *the one taken.*
Taiken, *token, risk or hazard.*
Tap, *the top, the head, flax put upon the distaff or rock, any thing excellent.*
Tappit hen, *a hen with a tuft of feathers on her head, the Scots quart measure.*
Tappitless, *headless, thoughtless, foolish.*

Tangs, *the tongs.*

Tarrow, *to murmur at, to refuse from peevishness what we would wish to have, especially applied to children and their victuals.*

Tass, tassy, *a little dram cup.*

Tartan, *cross striped cloth of various colours.*

Tate, *a small quantity of wool, hair, or the like.*

Tauld, *told.*

Taupie, *a thoughtless young person.*

Tauted, tautie, *matted together as hair wool.*

Taw, *the slender roots attached to the potatoe, a game among children.*

Ted, *to spread, to scatter about.*

Teem, *toom, empty.*

Tent, *heed, attention.*

Tentie, *carefully cautious.*

Tentless, *heedless.*

Teugh, *tough.*

Thack, *thatch.*

Therms, *the small guts, fiddle strings.*

Thae, *those.*

Thawless, *see* thowless,

Thike, *to thatch.*

Thick, *intimate.*

Thir, *these,*

Thirl, *to thrill,*

Thole, *to endure.*

Thow, *a thaw, to thaw.*

Thowless, *slack lazy, indifferent, the same with thawless, rather* Thewless, *from.*

Thews, *manners, qualities, dispositions.*

Thrawart, *froward, cross.*

Thraw, *to twist, to sprain, to contradict.*

Thrawn, *twisted, habitually ill-natured.*

Threep *or* threap, *to maintain an opinion merely by obstinate assertion.*

Throosh, *did thresh.*

Thud, *a sudden blast or blow, or the sound of these,*

Tid, *an affront.*

Tift, *good order, health, a draught of any thing.*

Tike *or* tyke, *a dog.*

Tine, *to loose, the tooth of a harrow.*

Tinkler, *a tinker, familiarly a frolicksome free young person.*

Tint, *lost.*

Tirl, *to make a slight noise at a door, or window, sometimes as has been preconcerted, to rap at the door.*

Tither, *the other.*

Tirl *or* tirr, *to uncover hastily or violently.*

Tittle, *to whisper, to carry idle stories.*

Tittlen, *a small bird which is said to follow the cuckoo—carrying idle news and stories.*

Tetty, *a sister.*

Tocher, *a marriage portion.*

Tod, *a fox.*

Todle, *to run or walk, tottering like a child.*

Tooly *or* toulzie, *a quarrel or fight.*

Toom, *empty—see* teem.

Tosh, *tight, neat and clean.*

Touse *or* touzle, *to rumple to teaze.*

Toun, *a farm house, a hamlet.*

Tout *or* toot, *to sound a horn, a full draught of any thing, ill-humour or pet.*

Touts, *sudden ill-humour, pet.*

Tow, *a rope.*

Touzie, *rough, shaggy,*

Toy, *the linen head dress of an old woman.*

Toyte, toit *or* tout, *a sudden fit of ill-humour.*

Trewes, *the breeches and stockings in one.*

Trig, *spruce, neat, handsome.*

Troke, *barter.*

True, *to mislead.*

Truncher *or* trencher, *a wooden plate.*

Tryst, *appointment.*

Tsill, *a child.*

Tug, *a raw undressed skin, to pull by jirks.*

Turn, *a speedy job.*

Turse, *a large bundle, an unwieldly person.*

Twa, *two—*twa-three, *a few.*

Twin, *to part with, to be deprived of.*

Tweech, *to touch.*

Tydie, *neat, plump, lucky, a cow with young.*
Tyke, *a dog, a cur.*
Tyst, *to entice, to allure, stir up.*

U

Ugg, *to loath, nauseate, detest.*
Ugsome, *hateful, nauseous, horrible.*
Umwhile, *the late.*
Unco, *strange, very, very great, prodigious.*
Uncoes, *news.*
Undocht *or* wandocht, *a silly weak person.*
Ungeard, *not clad, not harnessed.*
Uneith, *uneasy.*
Unlooesome, *not lovely.*
Unken'd, *unknown.*
Upwith, *an ascent, issue.*

V

Vaig *or* veaug, *a vile, idle, disorderly person.*
Vaunty, *boasting, vain.*
Veem, *a close heat in a calm evening, great over the body, with redness in the face and some perspiration.*
Vincush, *to vanquish.*
Voggy, voky *or* veouky, *happy, elevated beyond the ordinary bounds of discretion.*
Voust, *brag, boast unnecessarily,*

W

Wa', *wall.*
Wabster, *a weaver.*
Wad, *would, a bet, a pledge.*
Wadna, *would not.*
Waefu', *woeful, pitiful.*
Waesucks, *the same as* alas, *woes me.*
Waifu, waisome, *wailing, woful.*
Wail *or* wale, *to choose, to pick, choice.*
Waft, *the woof.*
Wair *or* ware, *to expend, to lay out, to bestow.*
Waff, *wandering, unnoticed, not respected.*
Wak, *wet, moist.*
Wakrie *or* wakerife, *wakeful, restless.*
Walie, *ample, large, jolly—an interjection.*
Walladay, *an interjection, alas!*
Wallidrag, *a dirty outcast.*

Wame, *the belly.*
Wamefu', *a bellyful.*
Wamle, *to have sickness in the stomach and noisy motion in the bowels.*
Wan, *preceding and joined to words, the same as* un *or without, as* wan-grace, wan-case,
Wan, *a pale sickly look, a small switch.*
Wap, *a sudden jirk or motion, a stroke.*
War, *the spring, worse.*
Warkloom, *a tool.*
Warl, *world.*
Warlock, *a wizzard.*
Wastry, *prodigality.*
Wat, *or* wit, *or* wite, *or* wist, *to know.*
Wauble, *to give way easily, leaning this and that way.*
Wauk, *to thicken cloth, to walk, to be awake.*
Waught, *a large draught.*
Waurt, *worsted.*
Wee, *little.*
Weird, *destiny.*
Wean *or* weanie, *a child, a* wee ane.
Ween, *imagined.*
Weer, *to drive beasts without appearing to do so.*
Weir, *war, a place to catch fish.*
Weit *or* weet, *rain, wetness.*
We'se, *we shall.*
Wersh, *insipid, without salt.*
Westlin, *western.*
Wha, *who*—whase, *whose*—whare, *where.*
Whang, *a thong, a large piece of any thing.*
Whauk, *to whip, to flog.*
Whid, *to fly, or run abruptly, a trifling lie.*
Whilk, *which.*
Wheely, *to wheedle, to cheat.*
Whingeing, *whining.*
Whins, *furze.*
Whisht, *hush.*
Whisk, *to pull out hastily, to sweep, to lash.*
Whitter, *to run nimbly, a small quantity.*
Whomilt, *or* whamelt, *a dish turned upside down.*

Wi', *with.*
Wiel, *a whirlpool.*
Wimple, *to meander.*
Win *or* won, *to dwell, to reside.*
Winna, *will not.*
Winnock, *a window.*
Winsome, *an agreeable woman, valuable, to be boasted of.*
Wirrykow, *a bugbear.*
Withershins, *motion against the sun.*
Wizzent *or* wissent, *parched, dry, withered.*
Woo, *wool, to court.*
Wood, *mad.*
Woody, *what goes round the ox's neck to confine the yoke, hence the gallows, or rather the rope.*
Wrath *or* wreith, *a spirit, an apparition.*
Wordy, *worthy.*
Wreath *or* wraith, *a heap of drifted snow.*
Wylie, *cunning.*
Wyse, *see* weer.
Wyson *or* wizzen, *the gullet.*
Wyte *or* wite, *to blame.*

Y

Yaip *or* yape, *eagerly hungry,*
Yairn, *thread, to desire.*
Yealing *or* eeling, *born in the same year.*
Yamer, *to cry sillily.*
Yealtou, *yea wilt thou.*
Yed, *to contend.*
Yell, *barren, without milk.*
Yesk *or* yisk, *the hiccup.*
Yerd, *the earth.*
Yett, *a gate.*
Yestreen, *last night.*
Yied, *went.*
Yoir *or* yair, *ready.*
Yaudith, *youthfulness.*
Yowden, *wearied.*
Yowdendrift, *a storm with driving snow.*
Yowl, *to howl.*
Yowf *or* yumph, *a blow.*
Yuke, *the itch.*
Yukie, *itchie.*
Yule, *Christmas.*

[J. YOUNG, PRINTER, INVERNESS.]